VOL. CCXXVI, No. 2943
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
AUGUST 25, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

– THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

BULMER'S Cider

the most popular cider of all

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN, CIDER MAKERS H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD. HEREFORD

Apollinaris is the natural mixer with Scotch...

ask for a Scotch and POLLY

Lindt

THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

CHOCOLAT LINDT
RODOLPHE LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES — *the choice of the discriminating*

LONDON	MANCHESTER	BIRMINGHAM	GLASGOW	DUBLIN
SLOane 3439 REGent 3734	*DEAnsgate 6956*	*CENtral 7434*	*CITy 6018*	*73440*

Cussons

IMPERIAL LEATHER

LUXURY TOILET AND BATH SOAPS

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S
DRY SACK
REGD.
The World Famous Sherry
SPAIN'S BEST

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICAN CIGARS
FABRICA DE TABACOS EL TROVADOR JAMAICA

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
MOTOR POLICIES

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

PRICE 2/-

Can 5d make a dream come true?

Here's a man with a dream. He wants to own a country hotel and he's found just the place, but ... it has been a family business and the retiring owner won't sell to just anyone.

By chance our man turns the tide in his own favour. He produces cigarettes, his favourites—and now more than ever worth the extra 5d for 20 they cost him. For the owner knows and likes them, too, and as they smoke companionably, a satisfactory agreement is reached. Coincidence maybe, but . . . could "Three Castles" have had something to do with it? Did those extra five pennies perhaps buy *more* than very good cigarettes? . . . Who knows?

THE "THREE CASTLES"

NEARER AND CLEARER WITH

ROSS
LONDON

Look out for the special summer display of Ross binoculars at your local Stockist.

ROSS ENSIGN LTD. CLAPHAM COMMON NORTH SIDE. LONDON. S.W.4.

Cinquante millions de
FIFTY MILLION
Français proclament
FRENCHMEN ACCLAIM
Dubonnet le meilleur
DUBONNET AS THE FINEST
apéritif du monde.
APERITIF IN THE WORLD

(Et vous savez ce que l'on dit de
AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT
cinquante millions de Français.)
FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

A great many British people are acclaiming Dubonnet, too. Some drink it by its excellent self, others prefer it with gin, in the proportions of $\frac{1}{3}$ gin to $\frac{2}{3}$ Dubonnet, still others take their Dubonnet with soda or tonic. But however *you* drink it you'll find that the large bottle of Dubonnet (20/-) goes a long, long way.

DUBONNET *adds gaiety to living but never leaves you liverish*

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

Volume CCXXVI No. 2943

The SPHERE, London, August 25, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

AN INFORMAL MOMENT DURING THE SUEZ CONFERENCE—SIR ANTHONY EDEN AND MR. SELWYN LLOYD COME DOWN THE DOWNING STREET STEPS BY THE FOREIGN OFFICE: The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary are followed by an eager crowd of spectators, many of whom have cameras. The British Ministers had just been conferring in No. 10, Downing Street with Mr. Dulles, the United States Secretary of State, and M. Pineau, the French Foreign Minister. This was one of the many private talks which took place between delegates outside the formal sessions at Lancaster House during the crucial days of the conference.

By the beginning of this week all but one of the twenty-two chief delegates to the Suez Conference at Lancaster House, in London, had expressed his nation's point of view. The most important declaration had been made by Mr. Dulles in putting forward a four-point plan for the operation of the Canal under the responsibility of an international board to be established by treaty and associated with the United Nations. This proposal was fully supported by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, for Britain, by Australia, New Zealand, France and at least eight other nations. Mr. Chowdhury, the Pakistan Foreign Minister, suggested that the plan should be put to Egypt by a committee formed for this purpose. Opposition to the American scheme centred round Mr. Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister. However, whatever the outcome of the Conference, there was no doubt that for an international gathering much had been achieved in a short time. This was in part due to the frequent informal exchanges of opinion which went on between delegates, especially during the week-end, after the American draft declaration was circulated. (Further pictures of the Suez crisis are on pp. 272 to 274.)

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY HORSE SHOW

A BRITISH WIN: Mr. Sean O'Kelly, the President of the Republic of Ireland, presents the Aga Khan Trophy to Colonel Harry Llewellyn, captain of the British team, on Aherlow. On the right is the Hon. W. E. Wylie, Q.C., Vice-President of the Royal Dublin Society. The victorious team consisted of Miss Dawn Palethorpe on Earlsrath Rambler, Mrs. Bryan Marshall on Nobbler, Colonel Harry Llewellyn on Aherlow, and John Lanni on Huntsman. They had a winning total of 31½ faults for the two rounds of their best three horses. Turkey was second with 44 faults, Ireland third with 48, and the United States fourth with 60.

MISS MARILYN MONROE ON THE SET

ADVICE FROM HER CO-STAR AND DIRECTOR: Miss Marilyn Monroe is directed by Sir Laurence Olivier during the rehearsal of a scene from the film *The Sleeping Prince*, in which they play the leading roles. Miss Monroe is cast as an American showgirl in a London musical revue running during King George V's Coronation Week in 1911. Sir Laurence Olivier plays the part of the Grand Duke Charles of the mythical kingdom of Carpathia. The film is being made from a script adapted by Terence Rattigan from his play, which scored a great success on the stage.

THE CAR STRIKE ENDS

A LABOUR LEADER SPEAKS: Mr. Harry Brotherton (centre), President of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, reads a statement to reporters at Transport House following the settlement of the dispute involving the British Motor Corporation. Twenty-three thousand strikers resumed work last week, after being absent for three weeks. It was agreed that of 6,000 men who had been dismissed, those workers with three or more years' service should receive a week's wages in compensation, and those who had served ten or more years, two weeks' wages.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.* (*or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16 50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Miserable Summer.—Perhaps the rest of August and September may make amends for this depressing summer. Otherwise, we shall have paid too high a price for the fine summer of 1955. Recalling the long catalogue of calamitous open-air fixtures, with their attendant financial loss to cricket and other sporting clubs, racecourses, village committees, seaside holiday caterers, and so forth, it is difficult to be philosophical. Some say that the August holidays proved a boon in the B.M.C. strike—a blessing in disguise. It gave an opportunity for cooler judgment to prevail. Cold water is no doubt a well-known remedy for hot-heads, and perhaps the best counter to a declaration of a general or a localised strike is an official declaration of a general or localised holiday with pay. A time for calm reflection is certainly desirable with most of the disputes and decisions which interrupt and agitate the working of national and international affairs in these days of violence and impulsiveness. But time was not at first considered to be on the side of those who opposed Nasser's sudden coup. To-day it begins to look different. The interval between the coup and the conference has certainly given people an opportunity to see all sides of this problem and to decide their compass point of view between the poles of (say) Waterhouse and Kingsley Martin (to simplify and localise the differences of opinion). And perhaps the miserable weather of these weeks of grace may be also reckoned as a blessing if it has enabled second thoughts on the practicability and consequences of any solution to the Suez question, other than by peaceful international agreement, to prevail. Ideal summer weather encourages optimists and ostriches to thrive. In the rainy season we tap the barometer, tidy our desks and devote a good deal more time to a serious reading—of history and economics.

Conference Puzzles.—Always the weekly journalist is handicapped in his commentary on swiftly moving events. Not for him the facilities of stop-press or nightly type-setting. In holiday-time and with events of great importance, his handicap is increased. He must write of many matters and doubts which may well be resolved before his lines see print, and his commentaries must more than ever assume the role of a tardy diary or record of thoughts which events have proved right or wrong. Yet there is value in a continuous record of a man's reflections on current events, especially if he shares them with some of his readers. It is salutary to go back *post-facto*, and to note where one's doubts and hopes deceived. When this Newsletter appears, we shall know much that is now quite uncertain about the vital conference on Suez Convened by our government. I have been puzzled by the optimism our statesmen and press derived from the high percentage of acceptances. If you ask a neighbour to a party and he accepts it subject to its taking place somewhere else, you are in some doubt as to whether to lay a place for him. If another guest accepts on condition that you invite twenty friends of his not on your list, your catering plans are not made easier. If a third invitee accepts but makes it clear that the menu proposed does not suit him, you once more doubt the success of your party. A nominal roll of acceptances, hedged with conditions, is no guarantee of a happy and successful party. I confess that, blindfold as I wrote, I saw little hope of a swift and successful outcome of this party, and I could not see any basis for ministerial optimism. But, of course, there is precedent from Holy Writ that a party different from that originally proposed, and recruited and reorganised at the last moment, might turn out a happy party. Will it? Has it? Blindfold, I can only wait and hope.

The Stakes.—Whatever the result of the conference, it could never be a party with one *unanimous* intention to have a good time. That may be true of all parties. Some attend them from a sense of duty, some with an axe to grind, some because a lighted candle attracts them as a moth is attracted to light. And the issue of Suez is pre-eminently one which demands from every nation and every individual caught up in it the most meticulous examination of its or his attitude towards it. For on the policy to be adopted an individual reputation may be made or marred and a nation's aspirations may be advanced or retarded. But this frightful issue is not national but international. At the back of it, the awful consequences of an ultimate resort to force loom largest as a possibility. A free vote may be all very well in a domestic issue of capital punishment. An international issue of this magnitude requires grouping and whip discipline. You may show your individual mind by casting your vote on a domestic issue with little fear of being proved wrong in your lifetime. In the Suez issue, for a nation its very livelihood, its very survival, is at stake. For an individual, he may be proved wrong within a matter of weeks. And whether it is Mr. Bevan risking the criticism of the Bevanites or Mr. Gaitskell trimming, or certain Arab States backing the claims of Egypt to lead the Arab world or India or Russia throwing its weight in the balance, the consequences of a wrong decision must be immediately seen, reputations must be made and lost in quick time, and national aspirations may be retarded or liquidated as quickly. For no one can foresee the consequences nor put a period to their fulfilment. I take as a single example my blindfold puzzle as to any united support of Egypt's claims and rights by the Arab States. For some of them their oil production is vital. Their chief customers are the Western nations most concerned with the Canal's protection and freedom. For those states the backing of Egypt through thick and thin can only be sustained by a fearful risk to their newly-won and prized and now essential revenues. How certainly will they accept these risks? How much can Egypt depend on pre-conference assurances and hints from nations who are staking their future on the issue? To-day we wonder. To-morrow we may judge clearer.

Guess-work.—In my very last-minute reflections on this tremendous issue before the conference opened (and before I steered north into the blue for a holiday), two final puzzles teased me. On the one hand, could Nasser have sustained throughout this three-week interval since his coup the confidence and support and optimism he has achieved, unless he had received in secrecy far more definite assurances of support in all circumstances from the most powerful nations whose spoken words seem to range them on his side, assurances of which no one and no nation is aware save himself and those who gave them? On the other hand, could Sir Anthony and his advisers have gone so far in preparation for the ultimate necessity of force, unless he, too, had received secret assurances from powerful backers—knowing, as well he knows, that all the stretched resources of Britain alone would be totally inadequate to achieve a swift result which, even if success were possible, might have consequences to Britain worse than the *status quo ante*? Knowing, too, that in "the weeks of grace," second thoughts and the

THE "RED ROVER" ON THE ROAD AGAIN

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY ROAD COACH RELIVES ITS PAST: The *Red Rover* enters the yard of the Anchor Inn at Normandy, Surrey, during its re-enactment of the journey it regularly performed on the London-Southampton run up to 1843. The team of four horses was changed eight times en route. One of the relief teams is seen waiting on the left. The journey, of 76 miles, was completed in about twelve hours.

propaganda of the Left would be bound to diminish the number of his supporters and bring out into the open the majority or near majority that would accept our humiliation into a minor Power as a reasonable price to pay for peace and quiet. Yet the consequences of those preparations made but not used might well be as damaging to himself and to Britain in the eyes of the world as their implementation. Truly, the secret history of this crisis—which will probably not be known in detail in my lifetime—will be as interesting as any chapter in modern history.

Habit Dies Hard.—Certainly it is true that in this country football starts when summer begins or relents, just as cricket usually begins when winter is showing the sting in its tail. We are used to it, but still the start of football in mid-August gives some of us the same jar which the sad solo of the robin brings. And now millions in Britain resume the thrills and the labours, the hopes and disappointments, of the Pools. Some say that this vast industry has passed its peak; that in hundreds of thousands of British homes the lure of the Pools is becoming a burden, that hope deferred is making hearts sick, and that hope rewarded seldom makes for happiness. Is it worth all the trouble and all the petty jobs the gamble demands every week? Those who can afford to eliminate the washing of greasy plates by hand invest in electrical devices. None has been patented to permit of gambling without tears and sweat, though Mr. Macmillan is in the field with an unproved provisional patent. But I doubt if he will steal the show from the Pools promoters for some years. Habits die hard with us and vices are hard to eradicate. Despite awful warnings we still smoke because we are used to it, and probably a majority of men still shave their faces by old-established methods. And take *Crosswords*. Who would have thought that after decades of use, a majority of our dailies and weeklies would still find it necessary to retain a staff of puzzle-makers?

The Holiday Spirit.—As a man grows old his habits acquire often an importance which seems to be the chief factor in making his last years worth living. His only sense of permanence, even of security, seems to be derived from accomplishing in ordered routine his daily chores which may be of small importance and yet often troublesome and sometimes boring. Yet I have committed myself in this very number to the principle that a holiday may be good for all of us, and I must soft-pedal my increasing dread of holiday-time. I prefer my own bed to any other, my own books and pictures and furniture to the best that exist in more worthy houses, my own pottering at will to the kind suggestions for recreation from friends and hosts. My own house is not very admirable, my garden and woodlands are a tangle, and no day passes but some crisis arises which requires a plumber, a builder or a Heath Robinson makeshift. These problems I must now leave to be solved by others, and the faith that they *will* be solved quite as well in my absence is not as strong as years of holiday experience should make it.

Dunvegan.—The Western Isles enjoy their seasonal publicity every year. The enthusiasm of Dame Flora MacLeod annually draws that far-flung clan to storied Dunvegan, residence of 1,000 years or so, with its treasures such as the fairy flag and Dr. Johnson's "Collins." This year the islands have had an unusually large ration of limelight, with the Queen's tour and the coming-of-age of the future chieftain of the MacLeods. One of Skye's most passionate lovers gives us constantly the impression, through letters to the Press, that the Misty Isle has changed character, and that the sun never ceases to shine on it. That is an exaggeration, though I am sure the weather there is better than in Southern England. Skye would not need to change character very much to ensure that. Not that Skye worries about the weather. There is a secret spirit of joy about in it which makes all those who attend the Highland meetings and dances prefer Portree to all others in autumn. And rain or shine could make no difference to the MacLeod test of the manhood of the future chieftain. Blood and alcohol are thicker than water. For this test, John MacLeod had gone into training and we understand that he satisfied the clan of his fitness for chieftainship by draining a bottle and a half of claret non-stop and thereafter by circulating with dignity and a clear head among the faithful. This careful training, of course, was *ad hoc*, for the test alone, not to create a precedent. Good luck to the clan and to the island.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

FARNBOROUGH AIR DISPLAY

A Commentary by John Taylor, Illustrated with Drawings by Cavendish Morton and Photographs

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN SCOTLAND

ROYALTY VISITS WICK: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother inspects the guard of honour mounted by a detachment of the Seaforth Highlanders from Fort George. The inspection formed part of the ceremony in which she was presented with the freedom of the Royal Burgh of Wick. Viscount Thurso, Lord-Lieutenant of Caithness, welcomed her. The Queen Mother is the first woman to receive this honour. Viscount Thurso, then Sir Archibald Sinclair, was the last person to be made free of the Burgh, in 1933. Her Majesty motored from the Castle of Mey for the ceremony, which was attended by thousands of spectators, in spite of the pouring rain. In her speech, she said that she had acquired the castle "to preserve, if I could, this ancient dwelling," which was "a part of Scotland's heritage." A special strathspey, entitled "The Castle of Mey," was performed in honour of the occasion.

THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF WICK: Miss Bessie Leith, Provost of Wick, makes the presentation. In her speech, the Provost said: "We are proud of your Majesty's Scottish descent." After the ceremony, the Queen Mother toured the town.

MUSSELBURGH'S WELCOME: The Queen Mother watches as the Town Champion rides by. He is a figure in the pageant of the Riding of the Marches, which occurs every twenty-one years. Her Majesty received the freedom of the "Honest Toun" and the traditional Musselburgh "bap," a bread roll stamped with three mussel shells.

SUEZ CANAL CONFERENCE

The Opening Stages of the Talks Between Twenty-two Nations in London

Sir Anthony Eden set the tone for the Suez Conference when he told the delegates in his address of welcome that he considered the occasion among the gravest since the Second World War. The twenty-two nations assembled showed that they agreed with this statement by the speed and determination with which they faced the problem before them. It was noticeable that there were no attempts at filibustering and that each delegate, whatever his point of view, tempered his expressions of opinion with moderation. Within twenty-four hours of the start, it became clear that final decision would almost certainly centre round the plan for the Canal put forward by Mr. Dulles. The American Secretary of State condemned Colonel Nasser's seizure of the waterway. He said that the international confidence which rested on the Conventions and Treaties of the past had been " grievously assaulted." The problem before them was to consider whether that confidence could be peacefully repaired.

Mr. Dulles then suggested that a plan based on four main points would achieve this object:

(1) The operation of the Suez Canal in accordance with the Treaty of 1888 to be made the responsibility of an international board to be established by treaty and associated with the United Nations. Egypt would be represented on such a board but no single nation would dominate it. Its composition would be such as to assure the best operating results without political favour, or prejudice against any user of the Canal.

THE DELEGATE OF ONE OF THE NATIONS MOST VITALLY INTERESTED IN SUEZ: M. Christian Pineau, the French Foreign Minister, leaves Lancaster House after one of the sessions of the international conference on the future of the Suez Canal.

(2) All legitimate Egyptian rights and legitimate claims to sovereignty would be taken into account.

(3) Fair compensation would be paid to the universal Suez Canal Company.

(4) Differences on these last two points would be settled by an arbitratal commission appointed by the International Court of Justice.

Such a plan as this, the American Secretary of State believed, would not infringe on Egypt's sovereignty, for that sovereignty had always been qualified by the Treaty of 1888, which made the Canal an international and not an Egyptian waterway. By the week-end the draft of an American proposal had been circulated among the delegates. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd for Britain and M. Pineau for France had given it full support. Also among those in favour of international control by treaty were Australia, New Zealand, Portugal, Norway, Sweden, West Germany, Japan, Denmark and the Netherlands. Russia was opposed on the grounds that a much wider conference was needed to settle Suez.

Pakistan, whose delegate, Mr. Chowdhury, was one of the busiest in the many " behind-the-scenes " discussions outside Lancaster House, raised an important point. This was how the Conference's proposals, if agreed, were to be put to Colonel Nasser. It was suggested that a small committee, of perhaps six nations, should be appointed to present them to the Egyptian President and to discuss them with him.

It was difficult to see at this stage how far Colonel Nasser would give way at all on his nationalisation of the Canal. According to reports from Cairo, he was not prepared to accept international management under any circumstances. But he had indicated he " might discuss " a consultative committee to advise the Egyptian management.

Thus, within a few days, it appeared that the Conference would come at any rate to a majority decision. By Tuesday delegates had the choice of two proposals—that of Mr. Dulles, or a more limited suggestion tabled by India.

THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF THE SUEZ CONFERENCE : Sir Anthony Eden welcomes the representatives Soviet Union, the United Kingdom, Australia, Ceylon, Denmark, Ethiopia, France, West Germany, India, by the eighteenth-century Italian Guido Reni, which normally hangs in the National Gallery. In his During the discussion on procedure which followed, Mr. Shepilov, Foreign Minister of the Soviet Union,

FROM AMERICA AND RUSSIA : Mr. Dulles and Mr. Shepilov shake hands at the door of the Soviet Embassy, in London, after the United States Secretary of State had called on the Soviet Foreign Minister. Mr. Shepilov led the minority which opposed Mr. Dulles' plan for international control of the Suez Canal.

of the twenty-two nations gathered in the Long Gallery at Lancaster House. Seated, from left to right, round the table, are the delegates of Turkey, the United States, the Indonesia, Persia, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Pakistan, Portugal, Spain and Sweden. The left-hand painting on the wall is "The Toilet of Venus," short speech Sir Anthony said that the occasion for calling the conference "must rank among the gravest that any of us have had to face since the Second World War." spoke at length about the "limited nature of the conference." However, there was unanimous agreement on electing Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as Chairman of the Conference.

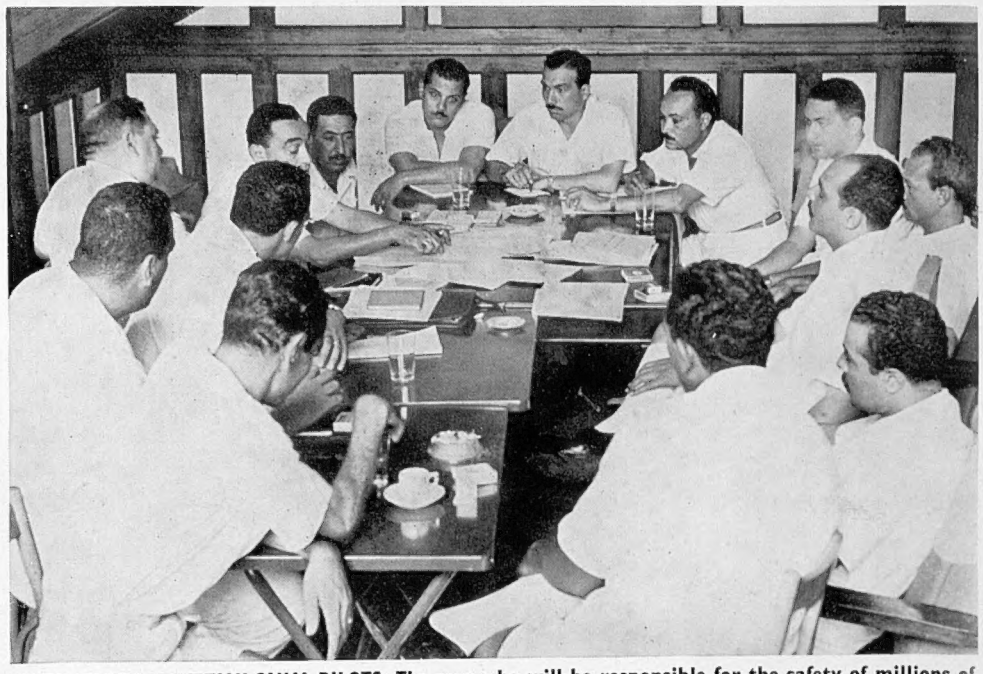
ARRIVALS FOR THE STATE DINNER: Mr. Dimitri Shepilov (right) and Mr. Jacob Malik, the Soviet Ambassador in London, arrive at Lancaster House for the dinner given by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd for the members of the Suez Conference on the evening of its opening day.

LOBBYING FOR EGYPT: Wing-Commander Ali Sabry, Colonel Nasser's chief political adviser, leaves the Soviet Embassy in London. He arrived at the start of the conference to lobby delegates believed to be sympathetic to Egypt's nationalisation of the Canal.

EGYPTIAN PREPARATIONS

New Egyptian Canal Pilots; and the Formation of the Liberation Army

THE EGYPTIAN WAR MINISTER VISITS THE CANAL ZONE: Major-General Abdel Hakim Amer, the Egyptian Minister of War, who is also the Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, makes a tour of inspection during his visit to the Suez base. With him is the Governor, Mahmoud Talaat.



FOURTEEN NEW EGYPTIAN CANAL PILOTS: The men who will be responsible for the safety of millions of tons of shipping are briefed for their new duties. The Suez Canal Company in London has stated that the shortage of pilots is due to the past Egyptian policy of refusing visas to qualified Europeans.

In order to fulfil Egypt's pledge to maintain the efficient running of the waterway and to allow freedom of navigation, the nationalised Canal Authority recently announced the recruitment of fourteen new Egyptian pilots. The statement was made on the same day as the announcement that the daily number of four convoys would be cut to two. The Suez Canal Company in London refuted an allegation made by the Egyptian Embassy that this reduction was due to the fact that eleven European pilots had not returned to their duties. The Company stated that the Egyptian authorities are stopping the leave of pilots still in Suez. The number of pilots on duty should not have changed.

TO FILL THE GAP: Colonel Mahmoud Yunis (facing the camera), the hea[d] of the nationalised Canal Authority, speaks to the new pilots wh[o] have been recruited to make up the loss of European pilot[s].

THE RECTOR GOES TO WAR: Sheikh Abdel Rahman Tag (centre), Rector of Al Alazhar University, in Cairo, receives rifle instruction in the University grounds. He is in training with units of the Liberation Army. The Rector is over military age, so his martial activities are regarded mainly as moral encouragement.

The creation of the Liberation Army, which was announced in a blaze of publicity by the Egyptian Minister of Education, Major Hussein, is probably meant to serve a psychological rather than a practical end. The Minister announced that many thousands of schoolboys will begin intensive military training as part of their primary and secondary education. He declared that the Liberation Army was envisaged as a permanent force "to ward off the ambitions of the imperialists." According to figures offered by Major Hussein, some 80,000 young people were ready to fight at any given moment. Their teachers, if too old to join as fighting men, were ready to help with first aid and the maintenance of communications. The announcement from the Ministry of Education is part of the general build-up that is being given to military preparations to rival the news of heavy British and French troop movements. Great publicity has been lavished on the training which is being given to women and young girls. Meanwhile, troops continue to be seen *en masse* whenever an occasion for good propaganda offers itself.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF INSPECTS THE TROOPS: Major-General Abdel Hakim Amer (left), Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, passes down the ranks of the Liberation Army during an inspection in the Canal Zone. The unit on parade consists of students.

THE MARTIAL WOMEN OF EGYPT: An Egyptian weapon instructor in Cairo teaches women, some of whom are veiled, to use rifles. The Liberation Army, allegedly 80,000 strong, includes people of both sexes.

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

The Queen in Edinburgh; Sir John Harding in Cyprus; Republican Figures on the Eve of their Convention; the Death of Cardinal Griffin

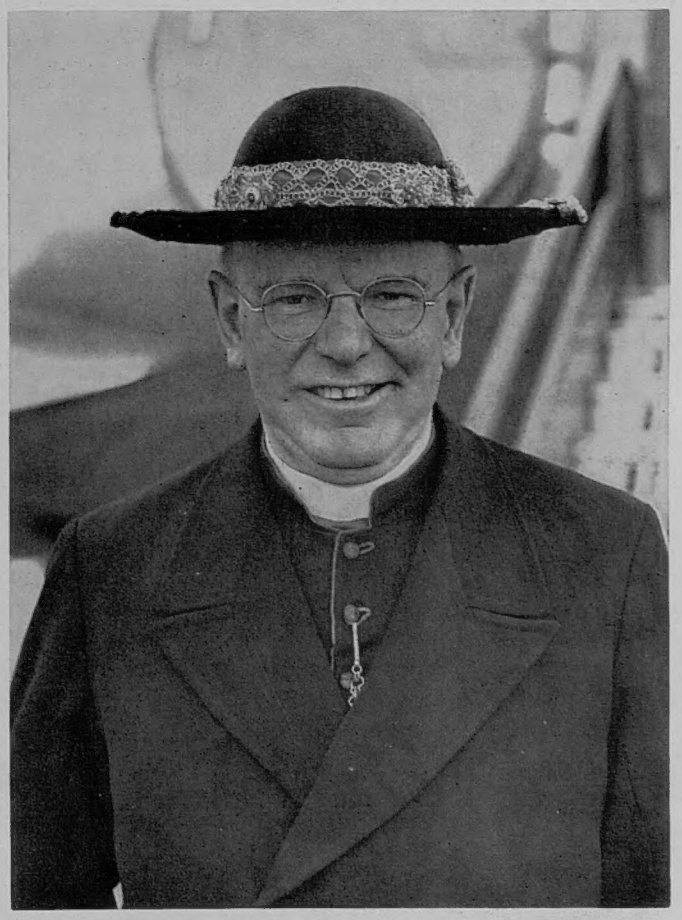
THE QUEEN IN EDINBURGH FOR THE OPENING OF THE TENTH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL: Her Majesty is greeted by the Very Rev. Charles L. Warr, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal, at St. Giles' Cathedral before attending the service which opened the Festival. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret arrived in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* at Leith, Edinburgh's seaport.

THE GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS AND THE PRESS: Field-Marshal Sir John Harding gives an interview to the Press shortly after the announcement that E.O.K.A. had called a truce to their terrorist activities on the island. In a leaflet which was circulated throughout the island the leader of the rebels, "Dighenis," declared that he was suspending his operations in order to give discussions on the island's future a fresh start. In his first comment on the move, Sir John Harding said that "It could prove to be a turning point in the history of the island." A Cyprus Government statement added that it was the first practical step towards a settlement. The statement was commenting on remarks made by Bishop Anthimos, of Kitium, who had said that he was now confident that Archbishop Makarios would be freed. The Government statement emphasised that "Dighenis" had mentioned only a "suspension" of terrorism.

THE PRESIDENT MEETS MR. DEWEY: President Eisenhower talks with the former Governor of New York. Mr. Dewey stated that he thought Mr. Nixon was assured of re-nomination as the Republican Vice-President.

MR. HAROLD STASSEN'S LONE FIGHT: President Eisenhower's disarmament adviser leaves by plane for the Republican convention. He backed Governor Herter as Vice-President.

MR. NIXON LEAVES FOR SAN FRANCISCO: The controversial Vice-President and his family board their plane in Washington, bound for the Republican National Convention in San Francisco, which opened on Monday. Before leaving, Mr. Nixon told reporters that "there is no doubt" that President Eisenhower would be nominated by acclamation on the first ballot. When reference was made to the open nature of the Democratic Party's contest for the Vice-Presidential nomination, Mr. Nixon added: "I have no prediction as far as I 'm concerned." He declared that the Republican nomination was "not a closed affair" and that he himself was in favour of an open contest.



THE DEATH OF THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER: The death of His Eminence Cardinal Bernard Griffin at the early age of fifty-seven was due to a sudden collapse of the heart which occurred while he was on a month's holiday in the West Country. He was convalescing from his third attack of cardiac thrombosis. After receiving the Last Sacraments he died peacefully in the early hours of the morning on the Feast of St. Bernard.

DEMOCRATS' CHOICE

Mr. Adlai Stevenson is Nominated as the Party Candidate for the United States Presidency

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME? Mr. Adlai Stevenson, nominated as Democratic candidate for the White House, enters a door marked "Presidential Suite" in a Chicago hotel. He was calling on ex-President Truman during the recent Democratic Party Convention.

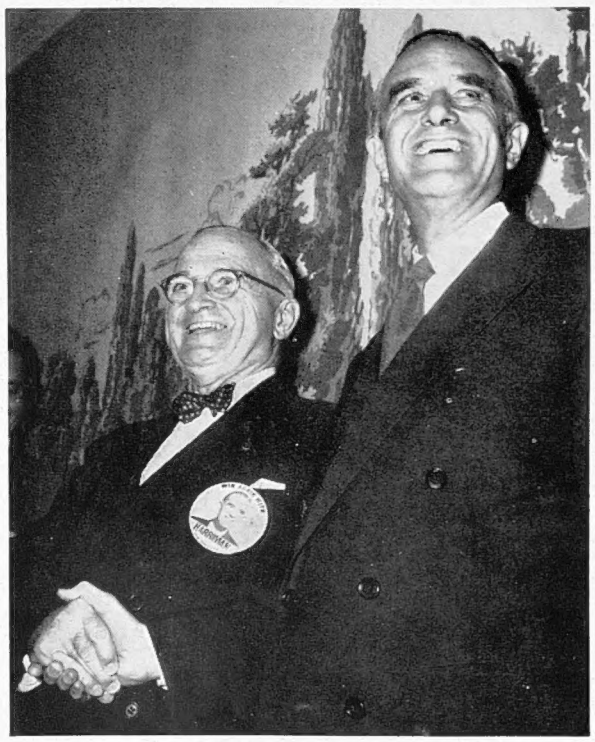
The Democratic Party's candidate in the United States Presidential election next November will be Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who opposed President Eisenhower in 1952. Should the Democrats win, the Vice-President will be Senator Estes Kefauver. These were the decisions taken by the Democratic Convention at Chicago last week.

Mr. Stevenson romped home in the first ballot on the candidates, being nominated by 905½ votes to the 210 votes of his nearest rival, Mr. Averell Harriman. This was in spite of the support given to Mr. Harriman by the former President, Mr. Truman.

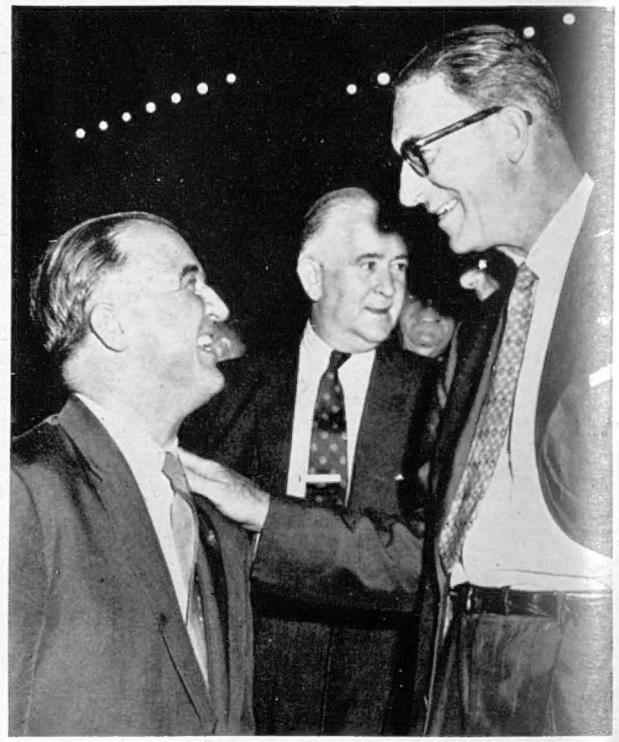
On its last day, the Convention turned to the matter of a possible Vice-President. Mr. Stevenson refused to consider the often-accepted practice that it is for the man elected President to choose his own Vice-President. Referring indirectly to the state of health of President Eisenhower, he said that the nation's attention was focused as never before on the office of the Vice-Presidency and each party had the duty to offer the country the man best equipped to assume its highest responsibility if need be.

There was little surprise when Senator Kefauver received the Vice-Presidential nomination. For he had himself withdrawn from the Presidential nominations in order to support Mr. Stevenson. Then, after Mr. Truman had declared he would now give full backing to Mr. Stevenson, the Convention ended and attention was switched to San Francisco and the Republicans.

THE KEYNOTE SPEECH: Governor Frank Clement, of Tennessee, at the rostrum in the centre foreground, delivers a fighting speech to the packed Convention of the Democratic Party in Chicago. Later, the delegates nominated Mr. Stevenson as their Presidential candidate by a majority of 695½ votes



MR. TRUMAN AND HIS FAVOURITE: The former President, wearing a large "Harriman" badge, stands with Governor Averell Harriman, of New York, who was his choice for the candidacy, but was easily defeated.



A POSSIBLE VICE-PRESIDENT: Senator Estes Kefauver (right) and Senator Chandler (left) take time off from the Convention to attend a football game. Mr. Kefauver was nominated for Vice-President by the Democratic Party.

TENNESSEE'S "FAVOURITE SON": Governor Frank Clement pauses to touch a Tennessee standard during his thundering keynote speech. In scathing terms he indicted President Eisenhower, Vice-President Nixon and Mr. Dulles and other Republican leaders.

RIVAL DEMONSTRATORS: Delegates from Idaho, Washington and Wyoming stage a demonstration in Indian style on behalf of Governor Harriman as they arrive from their train in Chicago. But they are surrounded by "Stevenson" umbrellas.

Formal and Informal

Pictures to Mark the Birthdays of Princess Margaret and Princess Anne

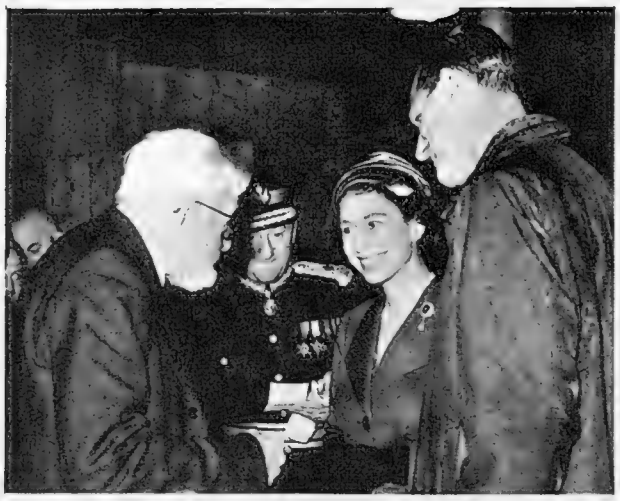
PRINCESS MARGARET IN EVENING DRESS: Her Royal Highness, whose twenty-sixth birthday was last Tuesday, wears a dress of pink tulle embroidered with flowers and sequins as she stands in the drawing-room of Clarence House, London.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IN HER LONDON HOME: Princess Margaret's dress in this portrait at Clarence House is of apricot silk. With it she wears a pearl necklace and a diamond brooch. The picture, with that *on the left*, was taken by Cecil Beaton.

A ROYAL PICNIC: Princess Margaret, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, arrives at Loch Skiport, in South Uist. *On left*—Princess Anne surveys the scene with hands in pockets as they set out for her sixth-birthday picnic on the island last week.

THE QUEEN AT OBAN, MULL AND SKYE

Scenes in Rough and Fine Weather on the Royal Tour of the Western Isles



A NONAGENARIAN IS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN: Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh talk with Mr. Dugald MacDougall, who is ninety years old, during their visit to Oban.

THE DUKE AUTOGRAPHS HIS PORTRAIT: He signs his name on a photograph of his portrait while the Queen stands with the Provost, Mr. W. J. Calderwood, in the Town Hall at Oban.

A CHANGE OF PLAN: Over improvised steps of fish-boxes, the Queen embarks in the naval pinnace at Kerr Pier. At the end of the visit to Oban, the sea was too rough for the Royal party to rejoin the Ro yacht *Britannia*. However, the visitors were later able to embark in the quieter water of Kerr

BAD WEATHER DOES NOT DAMP ENTHUSIASM ON THE ISLE OF MULL: Cheers drown the wind as the Queen, well protected against the elements, comes ashore with the Du of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret at Tobermory. On the left is Sir Charles Maclean, the Lord Lieutenant of Argyllshire. When Her Majesty left Mull three-quart of an hour later, waves broke over the pinnace and on reaching *Britannia* the craft had to be hoisted aboard by davits as it was too rough to lower the gangwa

PIPING A FAREWELL FROM SKYE: Alexander Gordon plays "Balmoral Highlanders" as the Royal pinnace moves away from the slipway of Dunvegan Castle. Standing at the edge of the water are Dame Flora MacLeod of MacLeod, chief of the clan, and her grandson and heir, John MacLeod. At Skye the weather, which had hitherto been bad, relented and the Queen was welcomed under blue skies.

THE CAPITAL OF SKYE: With the Duke of Edinburgh at the wheel, the Queen drives into Portree. At Somerled Square the Portree Gaelic Choir greeted her with "Hi, Ri, Ri"—"She is Come."

TH THE CLAN: The Queen is welcomed to Dunvegan Castle by Dame Flora MacLeod. From left are also Mrs. Wolridge Gordon, Mr. John MacLeod and Lord Macdonald, Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire.

PRESENTATION IN PORTREE: Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh talk to two of the forty people who were presented in the square here. Behind the Queen is Lord Macdonald. On leaving the capital of Skye, the Royal visitors drove away to the strains of "Portree Bay," played by the local pipe band.

WORK BEGINS ON BRITAIN'S LARGEST OPEN CAST COAL-MINE: A bulldozer and two big land excavators dominate a desolate scene at Westfield, Kinglassie, Fifeshire, during the preliminary work on a new open cast coalmine. The mine will extend over an area of 150 acres, and will be the biggest in the country. Production is expected to begin in eighteen months. 20,000,000 tons of coal will be tapped, to a depth of 700 ft. This is twice the depth of any other open cast mine in Britain. The output should be 1,000,000 tons a year at first, later rising to double this figure: The work will involve the cutting of a road and the destruction of arable land.

MORE COAL FOR BRITAIN

Work Begins on New Open Cast Coal-Mines in Fifeshire and Leicestershire

MECHANICAL GIANTS AT WORK: The land to be worked at Westfield is prepared by a variety of machines, including (from left to right) an excavator, a much larger face-shovel, a bulldozer and another face-shovel. The biggest machines can lift 8 tons at a time.

THE BIG MACHINES SET OFF: Three motor scrapers leave Feltham, Middlesex, on their 150-mile journey to the open cast mine to be dug at Ashby de la Zouch, Leics. The 25-ton machines will be used for clearing the ground on the site.

THE CROPS GO UNDER: Some Kinglassie farmers planted crops before work began, only to find them being "ploughed-in." The work also involved cutting the road from Leven to Kinglassie. The National Coal Board has contributed £50,000 towards a new one.

PUERTO RICO IS BATTERED BY A PASSING HURRICANE: The path of the centre of the hurricane is clearly seen in this picture, taken from the air, of the little town of Yabucoa, at the south-east corner of Puerto Rico. It was at this point that "Hurricane Betsy" first struck the island. It levelled the majority of houses in the surrounding countryside and demolished a total of 512 buildings in the town itself. Many of the remaining houses were unroofed by the fierce winds which followed in its path. Only one person was killed on the island although over fifty were reported to be in the municipal hospital. More than twenty-four hours after the storm struck, all telephone and telegraph communication with Yabucoa was cut, and fallen trees and landslides, together with widespread flooding, blocked the roads.

"HURRICANE BETSY"

A Violent Storm Devastates Puerto Rico

ROADS BLOCKED NEAR SAN JUAN: The hurricane, which cut a diagonal swath through Puerto Rico, blocked many roads in its path. Although the full force of the storm did not hit the capital, San Juan, many of the roads approaching the city were blocked and the electricity current was cut, due to fallen power-lines at some other points on the island.

On right—
STORM HAVOC ON THE ISLAND: A truck lies at the side of this road near San Juan after being blown aside by the passing hurricane. Taking a long path of destruction across the island from the south-east to the north-west, "Hurricane Betsy" eventually moved out into the open sea.

A STREET IN YABUCOA: An uprooted telegraph pole, and rubble from the roofs of the adjacent houses, blocks this narrow street at the edge of the town of Yabucoa. Many members of the National Guard volunteered to help clear the roads.

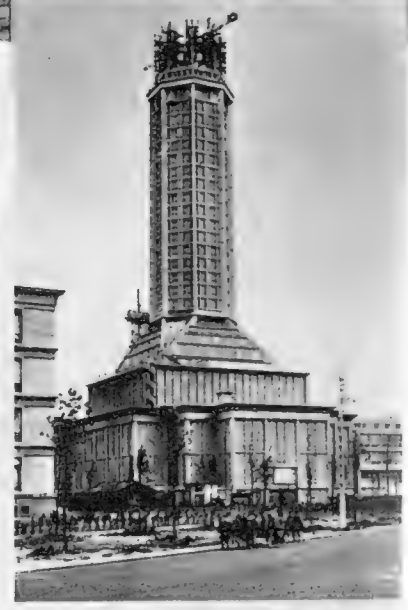
THE DOCK AREA OF LE HAVRE: In this picture taken from the Quai Notre Dame can be seen the square tower of the new Town Hall (left background) and some of the new office and apartment blocks which have been erected in the city. The port and the city of Le Havre were almost completely obliterated by the Allied bombardments after the Normandy landings.

LE HAVRE REBUILT

The French Seaport has Been Almost Entirely Redesigned Since its Obliteration During the War

After four years of war and occupation, including the terrible bombardments of September 1944, the seaport of Le Havre was probably the worst damaged city in France. The centre of the city, which included most of the municipal buildings and offices, had been practically obliterated and 10,000 houses had been destroyed. The port itself, with all its installations, was blown up by the retreating Germans before they left. Soon after the end of the war the late Auguste Perret was appointed architect-in-chief and gathered around him a permanent team of planners, the fruit of whose labours can be seen to-day in the new Le Havre. Because the task of rebuilding was given to a single team, one of the striking characteristics of the city is the consistency of theme in the designs of houses and office blocks. The effect is bold and striking, although arguments about its æsthetic value differ.

A NEW TOWN HALL: The trend of contemporary French architecture is nowhere more marked than in the new Town Hall. It is a three-storied building with a skyscraper tower.



RELIGION AND ARCHITECTURE: The new church of St. Joseph resembles an immense silo with a tall chimney.

THE AVENUE FOCH: This avenue is typical of those of the rebuilt city where the intention has been to produce a bold effect with maximum use of space. Most of the buildings along the avenues are set back behind wide plots of grass and shrubs. The task of restoring the city was given to a permanent team of architects, led by the late Auguste Perret. The inevitable result is that the trend of consistent ideas throughout the city is very noticeable. The work was begun in 1947.

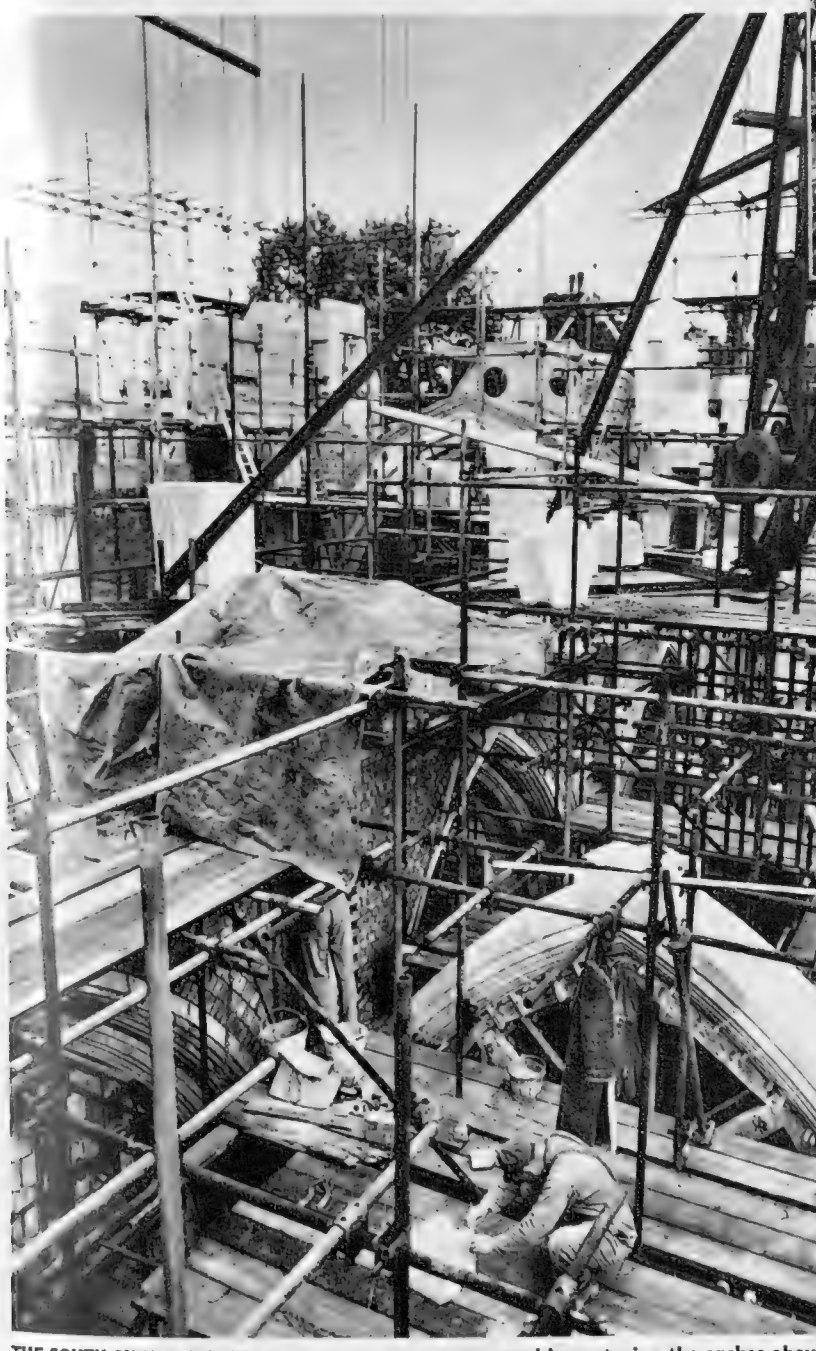
RESTORING ST. GEORGE'S, SOUTHWARK

The Roman Catholic Cathedral by the Thames is Being Rebuilt

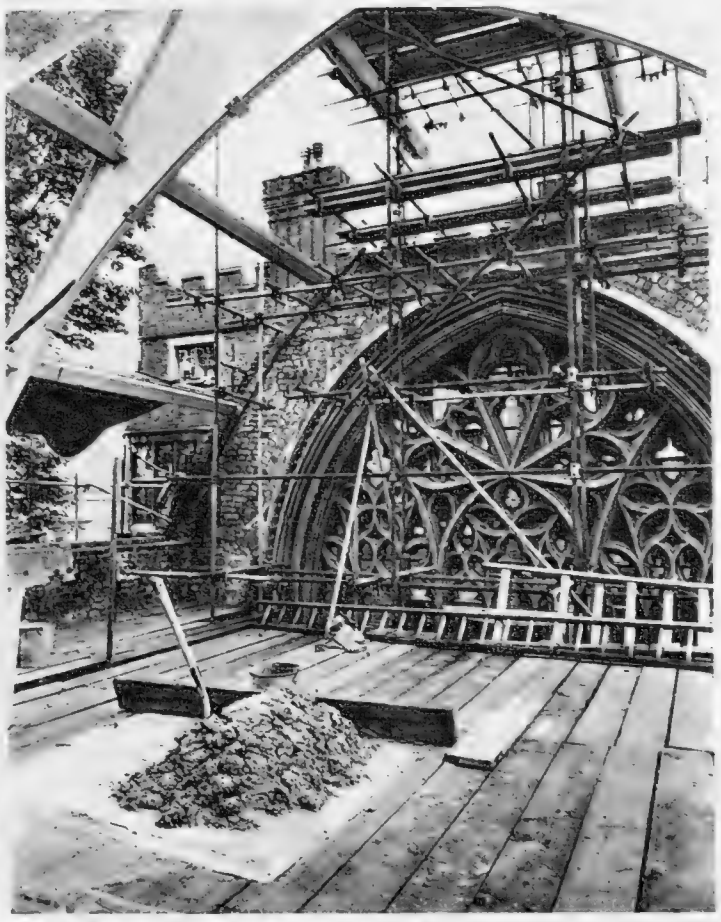
THE GUTTED SHELL OF THE CATHEDRAL: St. George's, Southwark, which was gutted by incendiary bombs during the last war, is now in the process of being restored. The work is expected to be completed by the end of next year.

The Cathedral of St. George, the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Southwark, was almost totally destroyed and gutted by incendiary bombs during an air raid in 1941. It was originally built in 1848. The present work of restoration, which has now reached an advanced stage, is expected to be completed by the end of next year. It is hoped that the new tower, which will be integrated into the cathedral, will be double the height of the old one. One of the most-loved figures of this century in the Roman Catholic world, Archbishop Peter Amigo, who died in 1949 at the age of eighty-five, lies buried in the crypt of the ruined cathedral. He was Bishop of Southwark for forty-five years, having been appointed to the See by the Pope at the instance of Cardinal Bourne in 1904.

THE REBUILT NAVE: The tall columns of the walls of the nave are covered in scaffolding as the work on the roof continues. This picture was taken from the sanctuary looking down the nave to where the tower of the cathedral once stood. The late Archbishop Peter Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, who died in 1949, is buried in the crypt.



THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE NAVE: Stonemasons are engaged in restoring the arches above one of the chapels of the cathedral. In the background is the roof of the sanctuary. One of the few things which escaped destruction in the blitzing of the cathedral was a statue of St. Joseph, which was untouched.



TO BE REPLACED: The great East Window, which can be seen in the picture above, is to be replaced since it is not felt possible to restore what remains of it. Behind the window can be seen the Bishop's house.

HUNTING OIL IN AFRICA

Two Great Oil Firms are Investigating East Africa's Potential Resources

There may be oil in Zanzibar. The British Petroleum Company and the Royal Dutch/Shell Group are drilling the first oil-well ever to be sunk on the island, after eighteen months of intensive geological and geophysical survey. Deep Test Well Number One at Chuini was inaugurated by the Sultan on May 21, and during 1957 it should be known definitely whether or not Zanzibar has its share of the world's most-sought-after fuel.

The oil companies have had to build their own jetty where materials are landed by ship. The site of the well and the jetty have been connected with local communications by specially-built roads. An industrial village for 300 workers has been constructed with all the facilities of water, light, medical care, food supplies, transport, and so forth.

Exploration for oil in East Africa began in 1951. The Zanzibar project is the second deep test well to be sunk in this area. The other, on Mafia Island, off the coast of Tanganyika, was completed early this year. It reaches to a depth of about 11,000 ft. The Zanzibar well may be a thousand feet deeper than this. The cost will come to about £50 per foot of the 12,000 ft. Surveying for oil is also going ahead on the mainland of Tanganyika.

WEALTH FOR ZANZIBAR? The first oil-well ever to be drilled on the island of Zanzibar is in course of construction. In this picture, a jetty is being built which will be used for landing heavy drilling equipment brought to the island by sea. The work is being undertaken by British Petroleum Company and the Royal Dutch/Shell Group jointly.

A NEW ROAD IS MADE: British and Indian surveyors prepare the way for a road to the oil-drilling site in Zanzibar. Intensive geological and geophysical surveys have been carried out in the last 18 months.

On left—
EXPLOSION IN THE JUNGLE: A geophysical survey party watches as a dynamite charge explodes in possible oil-bearing rock. The explosion generates shock waves, which differ according to the rock formation. When recorded and interpreted, the waves indicate whether the structure is likely to prove oil-bearing. If results are favourable, a well may be sunk.

PREPARING FOR THE BANG: A hole is drilled to receive an explosive charge during quarrying operations. Rock from the quarry is used to make new roads and jetties. In addition to this work, homes for 300 labourers engaged on the project have to be built, together with all facilities for the new community.

INVESTIGATING THE EARTH: A test rig designed for investigating the nature of subterranean soil and rock is erected by a drilling outfit at Msanganya, on the mainland of Tanganyika, south of Dar-es-Salaam.

THE LANDING JETTY AT ST. KILDA: The party of scientists and ornithologists visiting the islands check their stores on the old jetty.

THE VILLAGE BAY: Lying sheltered from the fury of the Atlantic, the ruins of the old settlement on St. Kilda still stand to-day on the gentle slopes surrounding the bay. In the foreground are some of the ancient *cleits* which were used as storehouses by the St. Kildans. Only the church, the manse and the factor's house still retain their slate roofs.

AN OUTPOST IN THE ATLANTIC: Until 1930 this little colony on the edge of the Atlantic was the last outpost of human habitation before the emptiness of the ocean. A Hebridean people lived here, harvesting the cliffs and the fields for food. They were a happy people until spoiled by contact with the outside world.

THE FORGOTTEN ISLANDS OF ST. KILDA

A Party of Ornithologists and Scientists Visit the Deserted Islands off the Western Coast of Scotland

By TOM WEIR

AN island-goer and a mountain lover all my life, the islands of St. Kilda had always been an impossible dream for me—a dream, but sometimes a reality too. For I had twice seen them, once from the crest of the Cuillin ridge of Skye, and on another occasion from the hills of Harris. But for the lonely skerry known as Rockall, they are the most westerly parts of Great Britain.

Then a month ago I was asked if I would like to go there with a party of scientists and ornithologists. Permission had been obtained from the late Marquis of Bute, and the £90 cost of hiring a fishing boat from Harris would be shared among us.

I must have slept soundly during the long sea voyage, for when I awoke we were at St. Kilda. There it was, jagged and precipitous, even in the half-dark of 2 a.m., as we pulled into the inlet known as Village Bay. The wrens were singing in the darkness from the unseen fields around the landing stage as we came ashore. It is magical to hear a St. Kilda wren greet the dawn with its song, which is louder by far than that of its mainland counterpart. The bird is larger and greyer than any other wren in the world.

The green lushness of the setting around the bay was my first daylight impression of St. Kilda. The fields lay contained within grey-stone walls and in the centre was the semi-circle of the ruined village. For 1,000 years men had found a living here, existing by a system of barter which continued until 1930. Scattered everywhere over the hillsides were the relics of the centuries in Stone Age houses known as *cleits*, which are the strangest feature of St. Kilda, looking like well-spaced beehives.

(*Continued on following page*)

THE PARTY MAKES CAMP: The members of the party visiting the islands pitch their tents against the background of Dun, the natural breakwater. Dun is separated from St. Kilda except at low tide.

THE STOREHOUSE OF CENTURIES : One of the members of the expedition which recently visited the islands examines a *cleit* 800 ft. above sea-level on St. Kilda. In the background can be seen the narrow opening which separates St. Kilda from the rocky breakwater of Dun, except at the lowest tides. The *cleits* are scattered over the hillsides, looking like large beehives. They are Stone Age huts where the St. Kildans were accustomed to store food.

THE VILLAGE STREET OF ST. KILDA: The more modern ruins of the settlement can be seen alongside the remains of the original " black houses " of the village. In the background the scattered ranks of *cleits* rise up the steep hillside.

RELICS OF A LONG-LOST AGE: The long stone *cleits* which the St. Kildans used as storage houses were ideal for the purpose. The wind could come through the stone work while the thick turf on the roof kept out the worst of the rain.

THE FORGOTTEN ISLANDS OF ST. KILDA

(*Continued from previous page*)

Walking round the ruins of the houses, looking at the huge water-pots, the derelict furniture going white under roofless houses, I could not help wondering how the forty-three souls who had left it behind had fared in the outside world. Writing in 1815 Dr. Macculloch, who was not given to overstatement, had called it a Utopia at a time when over 150 people lived on it. A hundred years ago Lord Brougham estimated that it could support ten times that number.

And until the beginning of the century the Gaelic-speaking people who knew no English did work hard and were contented as human beings could be. As Martin Martin said in the seventeenth century of them: " There is only one thing wanting to make them the happiest people in the habitable globe, viz., that they themselves do not know how happy they are."

How right Martin's words were, especially in the late nineteenth and twentieth century, for the people of St. Kilda were the best-housed and best-fed crofters in the north of Scotland. Their method of life was to give to the factor a list of items they needed, such as meal, tea, fishing tackle, implements, etc., and in August it was delivered to them by the last boat of the year. It was paid for the following June in cloth, feathers, and oil extracted from birds of the petrel tribe. The rent for the modern three-roomed houses built in 1860 was only 30s. with crofting land.

But the inauguration of a steamer service brought the first tourists in the summer of 1877 and discontent followed. Money was something they had never troubled about before. They had no sense of its value and were quickly spoiled. The lesson of St. Kilda is that the self-reliance of centuries was lost in less than forty years.

In St. Kilda the cows and ewes had been kept across on the other side of the island, and twice a day the women-folk walked two miles and climbed 800 ft. to milk them. The animals were taken off in 1930 and a herd of wild sheep brought over from Soay to Hirta. To-day the descendants of these Soay sheep number over 700 and run wild everywhere. These dun-coloured or black beasts are very close to the wild mouflon, and having lived intact on Soay for 1,000 years, are unique in Britain. Their climbing ability has to be seen to be believed, and no dog can work them. The St. Kildans used to force them to some corner of cliff edge, when they allowed themselves to be caught rather than plunge to death.

The extraordinary thing about Hirta, the main island of St. Kilda, is its astonishing variety of scene for an island that measures only 2½ miles long by 2 miles broad. On one side the green grassy slopes surround Village Bay, while on the other the gentle hilltops plunge straight into the sea.

Two of us spent a thrilling night on Conachair, the greatest sea cliff in the British isles. From reconnaissance we had seen a great boulder shelf poised in the centre of the cliff and thought we could reach it. The place was interesting to us because we had a hunch that St. Kilda's rarest bird, Leach's fork-tailed petrel, might be nesting there. Only by spending a night out could we find if this were so, for these birds are strictly nocturnal and are never seen in daylight on the island or the seas around it.

The descent was not so much difficult as dangerous. The grass slopes on which we had to depend were so steep that a slip would have been difficult to arrest. We wore the rope as we descended this huge face. The guttural cries of fulmars and " gurring " sounds of guillemots came up from below. A strange thrush-like " tui-tui-tui " often repeated, had us puzzled. It turned out to be a night-singing redwing—a Norwegian bird we did not expect on St. Kilda.

Then at ten minutes before midnight, in deepening darkness which never became night, we settled down in our eyrie among the boulders, and a small bat-like shape

N COHAIR: Fulmar petrels nest on the craggy ledges of Conachair, fall396 ft. into the sea in a distance of a quarter of a mile. For . thiff-face is vertical. Leach's fork-tailed petrels also nest here.

THE NEIGHBOURING ROCKS: From the edge of Conachair can be seen the rock stacks of Boreray (on the right), Stac an Armin and Stac Lii, four miles in the distance. Boreray rises 1,245 ft. from the sea, but its cliffs are such that the surface area is only 190 acres. The bare rocks contain the greatest breeding-grounds of gannets in the world.

AT K: One of the party examines specimens on the beach. The ds ar ticularly interesting for marine biologists because the distribu- of ma life is not normal. The plant life is also well worth the study.

islan flitted against the clear sky—probably a storm petrel. At islan half-past midnight the redwing was still adding its voice . C to a din of kittiwakes and auks. From the ground below e Ba our feet the only evidence that thousands of puffins were nt ins in residence was their snoring moans of " ooooooo-ah." It was shortly after that, in moonlight, that the Leach's ir, th petrels began calling " quick-ik-iker " with a pause, and ssanc then the repetition. By watching hard against the sky we ntre o could make out their quick-darting forms, almost imagined ce wa rather than seen.

Kilda About this time, too, the shearwaters began to arrive. nestin Their witch-like screams tortured the air as unseen wings if thi rushed past us in incredible bullet-flights that displace the e neve air but are too fast for the eye in dim light. But we caught one going into its burrow and saw it craning its neck to gerou get out of our torch beam. Before the dawn spread over o ste the sky behind the weird rocks of Boreray, Stac an Armin e wo and Stac Lii, we had established that these boulders housed uttur not only puffins, but the three birds we hoped to find, llend storm petrels, Leach's fork-tailed petrels, and Manx ii-tii shearwaters. o be

expe But a more exciting colony of these strange nocturnal epenit birds of St. Kilda lives on Carn Mor, on the slopes of own Mullach Bi. I spent two nights there with various other e shap members of our party. The night air vibrates with sound, and the birds criss-cross continually overhead.

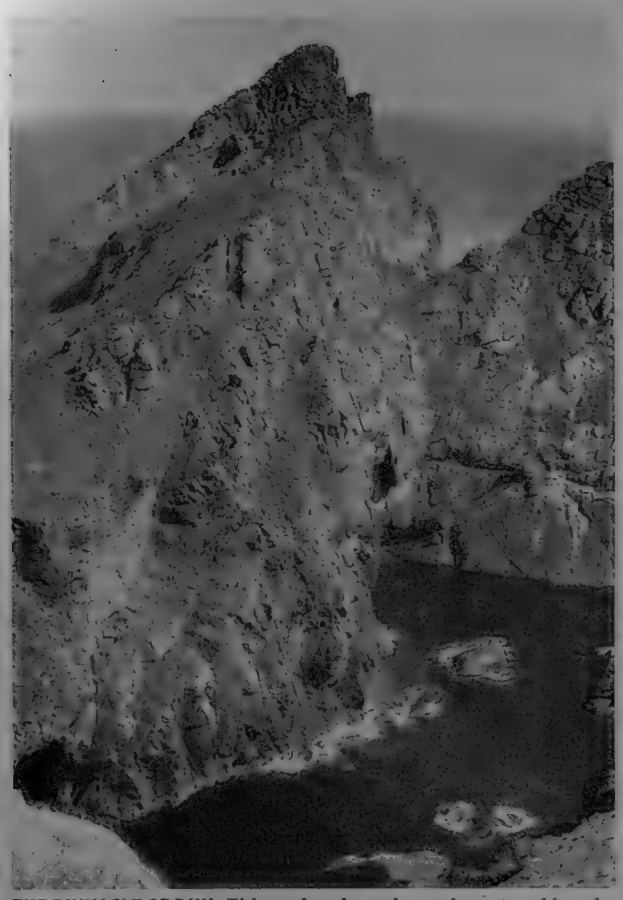
(*Concluded on following page*)

THE GREATEST SEA CLIFF IN BRITAIN: A climber rests in his sleeping-bag, in the foreground, among the rocks of Conachair. This was the only shelf on the gigantic cliff-face where it was possible to call a halt during the climb. Two of the party made a roped descent of the rough rock-face in order to spend a night there in search of some rare nocturnal birds.

PUFFINS ABOVE THE GREAT GLEN: Some puffins rest on the sharp rock-edge above the sea-lapped end of the Great Glen of St. Kilda. In the background is Boreray and the great rock crags of Stac Lii and Stac an Armin. One-fifth of the world's gannets, one-third of the fulmars in Britain and millions of puffins find a home in the islands.

THE WILD SHEEP OF ST. KILDA: The original sheep on the islands were in all probability introduced by the Norsemen. A large herd, brought from Soay after the islanders' departure, is still there.

GANNETS ON THEIR NESTS: A group of gannets wa over the nests of their young chicks on the ro shelfs and ledges high over the turbulent Atlan



THE PINNACLE OF DUN: This rocky pinnacle on the natural breakwater rises from the sea to a height of 576 ft. One of the three greatest puffin colonies on the islands nests here.

CLIMBING IN ST. KILDA: Nowhere else in Britain do cliffs plunge so steeply as on St. Kilda, but the rock is sound and climbing safe for those with some experience.

SCENE THROUGH A NATURAL WINDOW: The fantastic rock formations, which can be continually found on the islands, are one of the greatest attractions.

THE FORGOTTEN ISLANDS OF ST. KILDA

(*Concluded from previous page*)

Petrels often collide in mid-air, or brush the hair of the watcher. One can hear them crooning to themselves or purring like contented cats in their burrows. Behind a great boulder we excavated a Leach's burrow and found the little oval egg in a saucer of dried grasses, one foot from the entrance.

We tried to make a landfall on the island known as Dun, which forms the natural breakwater for the Village Bay. Only a small passage of water separated us from it, but only the lowest tides make it possible to boulder hop to a vertical gabbro wall on which the St. Kildans hung a chain to assist climbing. We wanted to try a traverse over the fantastic pinnacles of Dun, but the watery passage proved too uncomfortable. The water was bitterly cold for swimming, and the boulders proved so slippery that lodgment was hardly possible without further aquatics in a tide race that was far from calm. On a still day it might be feasible, but, personally, I had no heart for it this windy morning.

From the climbing point of view, however, St. Kilda is disappointing because the great faces lack continuity. The long intervening grass slopes are at an unpleasantly high angle. Nevertheless, it is magnificent rock, so sound that we never found a loose hold, and we felt we could take it on trust anywhere, particularly where it was washed by the sea. I imagine the rock stacks such as the notorious Stac Biorrach, Stac Lii, and Stac an Armin must give superb sport if only one can effect a landing from a boat heaving on the great Atlantic swell.

The Soay sheep, the St. Kilda wren, and Leach's fork-tailed petrel are three of the four unique animals that James Fisher talks about in his *New Naturalist*. The fourth is the St. Kilda field mouse, *Apodemus sylvaticus hirtensis*, the largest of all British mice, which is still much in evidence to judge from the numbers we caught and released in our catch-alive traps. They hop like little kangaroos and are greyer and larger than the *Apodemus* of the rest of the Hebrides. Unfortunately the St. Kilda house mouse, which was another unique form, did not long survive the passing of the human race and soon became extinct after the evacuation.

Always the birds were in the air about us. Waders appeared and disappeared. redshank, curlews, whimbrel, dunlin, sanderling, woodcock were all to be found. No passing hawks enlivened our stay unfortunately, though there were resident peregrine falcons and kestrels living on the cliff-tops, a lichen-stained pinnacle of Dun being the favourite perching spot of the peregrine. Perhaps a rival to the wrens for charm were the twites, which went in little singing flocks round the deserted ruins.

My own favourite place was the rocky summit of Ruaival where it overlooks the Dun Sound and plunges down to rocks. Day and night the rocks resounded with the peculiar wails of seals which hauled themselves out of the green rollers to point their heads to the sky and sing. From this high summit they looked like grey slugs.

On Ruaival, too, there was the only fulmar nest I have ever seen that contained two chicks. Whether they were from different nests and had accidentally come together it is impossible to say, but if they were hatched by one fulmar then it is a first recorded occurrence of its kind. I photographed these two birds when they were bundles of white down, living amicably with each other. But a few days later they were blackened with oil, spat at each other in a succession of fights that went on from morning until night.

For us St. Kilda was the highlight of many years travel in the Highlands and islands.

NEW SHIPS AND VETERANS

The World's Biggest Tanker ; the Ship that Should have Sunk ; An Antarctic Veteran ; A Cargo-Boat Launched in Sections

ABANDONED BUT STILL AFLOAT: The Norwegian cargo motor-vessel *Jopeter* floats in Mount Norris Fiord off the coast of East Greenland almost a year after being abandoned by her crew. Last September she became jammed in heavy ice. Her crew thought that she had sprung a leak and was in danger of sinking. When she had been given up for lost, *Jopeter* was discovered by a Danish Arctic explorer a few hundred miles away from where she had been abandoned.

THE THIRD INCARNATION OF AN ANTARCTIC EXPLORER: H.M.N.Z.S. *Endeavour* lies in the waters of Southampton harbour after being renamed and commissioned into the Royal New Zealand Navy. When first built, she was H.M.S. *Pretext*, a net-layer. Renamed *John Biscoe*, she served from 1947 until this year as a survey ship with the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey. She is to return to the Antarctic at the end of the year with the New Zealand participants in the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TANKER IS LAUNCHED: The 84,730-ton (dead-weight) *Universe Leader* rides in the water after being launched at Kure, in Japan. She was built by National Bulk Carriers Inc. for her American owners, Universe Tankships, and will sail under the Liberian flag. She will carry oil between Persia and North America when completed in October. With a beam of 124 ft., she is too wide for the Panama Canal locks, and her laden draught is too great for the Suez Canal. Her speed will be 14½ knots, and her length 850 ft.—the fifth longest ship in the world, after the Cunard Queens, the *United States* and the *Liberté*. The keel of a sister ship to the *Universe Leader* has already been laid.

On right—

"PROTÉE" IS LAUNCHED IN PIECES: A new French cargo-ship slides into the River Loire at Nantes, without her bows. The missing section can be seen in another slipway on the left. The Loire was not broad enough at that time of year to allow the *Protée* to be launched complete. The bows form a prefabricated section which will be welded on later at Le Havre at the mouth of the Seine. When ready for sea, the vessel will displace about 7,300 tons. She will be 400 ft. long and 75 ft. in the beam.

A BRITISH INDUSTRIAL VENTURE IN CANADA WHICH HAS A GREAT FUTURE: Annacis Island, in the Fraser River in British Columbia, is seen here from the air before it was developed for industrial purposes. On the banks are, top, New Westminster, and, bottom, South Westminster, which are outlying areas of Vancouver. To-day, as a result of the combined undertakings of the London firms of Grosvenor Estates and John Laing Limited, the island is rapidly developing as a unique industrial estate.

AN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING ON THE ANNACIS INDUSTRIAL ESTATE: It is typical of the functional architecture which has risen on the island during the past year. Annacis is well placed for import and export.

FACTORIES FOR LIGHT INDUSTRIES: Each tenant at present on Annacis Island has an average of some 6,000 sq. ft. of factory space and 700 sq. ft. of office space. The companies installed to date are secondary industries. But provision has been made in the planning for primary industries.

PREPARING THE WAY: A dragline shovel works on an irrigation reservoir. In the right background is a pump-house. This picture was taken a little over a year ago, when Annacis Island was only just starting to be developed. To-day it is still in its infancy, but some twenty companies—from Canada, Britain and the United States—are already installed.

ANNACIS ISLAND INDUSTRY

A Remarkable British Enterprise Near Vancouver is Rapidly Developing

Annacis is the name of a remarkable industrial estate in Canada which owes its origin and creation to British enterprise. The island, situated in the mouth of the Fraser River near Vancouver, in British Columbia, is ideally placed for trading communications. Two other outstandingly noteworthy points are the speed with which it is being developed and the careful planning which lies behind its progress.

As recently as June of last year Annacis consisted of only an administrative building and one tenant. To-day twenty companies are in occupation of premises and the scheme is still in its infancy. The island was purchased in 1953 by the late Duke of Westminster, and it is the London firm of Grosvenor Estates, with its association with the Duke's family, which is responsible for the development, with another London firm, John Laing Limited, the engineers and contractors. The idea which is being put into practice is the creation of an estate devoted to varied and balanced industries, mainly secondary industries. There is nothing new in such a project, but the manner in which the two firms concerned have approached it is fresh. In extent, the island is 1,200 acres in area, three and a half miles long and a mile wide at its broadest point. Many preliminary surveying and clearing operations were necessary before work could start on actual building, and a new causeway had to be constructed to Lulu Island and the mainland in order to ensure the communications required for traders who establish themselves there.

It is perhaps from the point of view of the industrialist who considers settling himself up on Annacis that its many advantages can best be understood.

RAISING THE LEVEL OF THE ISLAND: Sand from the bed of the Fraser River is being pumped along this pipeline to raise the level of the island. This was an early development operation.

A FACTORY GOES UP: The building under construction will house a factory for Great West Veneer, Limited. It will have central heating, and other services will include a railway siding.

THE SHAPE OF GREATER THINGS TO COME: In the foreground Annacis Island stretches like some monster submarine anchored in the Fraser River of British Columbia. The road running past the factory buildings, which are only a beginning of this industrial community, turns left to cross the causeway to Lulu Island and the mainland. In the left background is New Westminster. Then, looking to the right, the Patullo Bridge spans the river to South Westminster. Behind are the Coast Mountains.

In position it lies in the river with New Westminster to the north and the vast mass of Vancouver stretching away beyond. Vancouver, known as "Canada's gateway to the Pacific," has over 400,000 inhabitants and a magnificent bay and harbour which is used by ships of all kinds. It is linked by an excellent railway system not only with the rest of Canada to the east, but also with the United States, the borders of which are no more than 30 miles to the south. Added to this there is the international airport, from which Britain can be reached in twenty-eight hours of flying. It would be hard to find an area better suited for those thinking in terms of world trade than this corner of British Columbia, standing, as it were, mid-way between East and West.

Another natural attraction for the would-be factory owner on Annacis is the wealth of raw materials which lies in British Columbia. Coal of a high grade exists in the Vancouver area, and, far more important, the possibilities of water power appear almost limitless.

With these benefits on the spot, the trader will find that the planning of the estate has been drawn up to suit varying needs. One type of factory is designed as a unit which would normally only be economic if it were kept fairly large. However, a second type is intended for the smaller company, or for one wishing to establish itself on the island in its early stages of development. A third type of factory will be assembled from standard units and can be modified as required. All factories will be provided with power and railway sidings, and around them will arise banks, shops, post offices, and all the other facilities of a modern community.

This, of course, is looking to the future. But those who are already in occupation are evidence that it can become reality. Among the companies so far installed are producers of aluminium window-frames, pleasure craft, plywood veneers, garage and factory doors, high-voltage panels, and switch-gears. All buildings are centrally-heated. The charges compare favourably with rents elsewhere.

ONLY TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS FROM LONDON: The aerial view of Annacis and the causeway over the river can be seen in little more than a day's flight by anyone going by air from London to nearby Vancouver. The island, situated mid-way between West and East, has excellent communications by air, sea and land in all directions.

THE "GLOOMY DEAN"

Dean Inge's Assessment of the Middle Classes is Still Largely Relevant To-day

By JOHN GORE

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.—Dean Inge, I think, resigned the Deanery of St. Paul's in 1934 and lived on for sixteen years (before and after World War Two) writing, among other things, very shrewd, popular and profitable articles in the Press on current trends. These articles must have been exceptionally thoughtful. It is very rare to pull out from a dusty file a twenty-year-old article from a popular newspaper and find it lively, topical, and of value in the assessment of modern problems. As a rule, such casual subjects gather as much dust as the file or old newspaper which contains them. Some of Dean Inge's old articles suggest that a thinker and a prophet of his calibre is rare among popular journalists. I came across one of them, in a newspaper which had been used to defeat the clothes moths, and began to read it. It was written more than twenty years ago, and was titled "*Can the professional classes survive?*"

The Dean had based his article on a *cri de cœur* from a middle-class parent who deplored the ever-growing expense of public school education and gave it as a prime cause of the plight of the professional classes. And the sub-editor had chosen as a title "The nation suffers if they die" and blazoned it across the Dean's page.

The sentence in this article which first caught my eye and held my attention ran: "The prosperity of the public schools can hardly survive one generation." Since he wrote that, a generation has well-nigh passed. Public school fees still rise, but the waiting lists are as long as ever. As twenty years ago, so now, the parents are still able to educate their boys out of capital. But this article, though perhaps it gave undue space to the public schools, is full to bursting of sound prophecy. The Dean rightly argued that the public schools would die hard. The old-school-tie emotion is one of the strongest an Englishman possesses. There is nothing like it in any other country.

Gresham's Law.—But, he goes on, government by mass-bribery must continue until there is no one left to rob. The parent of the future will have no savings to dip into. (Perhaps a premium bond prize may come to the aid of a lucky parent, here or there, before his last savings vanish. I wonder how the Dean would have viewed premium bonds.) Did that imply that the middle class will be exterminated by celibacy or birth control? The dry guillotine of confiscatory taxation may be as effective as Robespierre's machine.

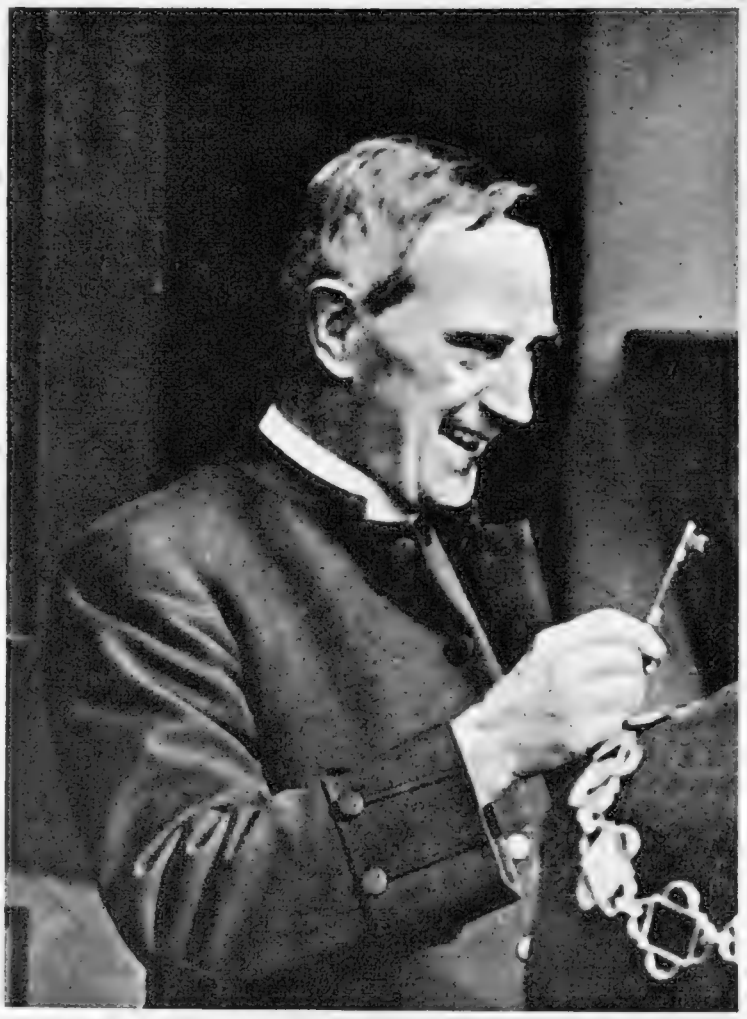
As a member of that class, the Dean believed that it would be an irreparable misfortune. He called in Euripides in aid of his belief: "Of the three classes, it is the middle class that saves the country." Morally, intellectually and physically, the Dean held that class to be the soundest part of the nation. Perhaps, because he ranked this class so high, he doubted whether the destruction of their standard of living would kill them.

History, he paradoxically argued, shows that nothing fails like success. Ruling classes, and ruling nations too, rule themselves out. There is a kind of Gresham's Law in social history as well as in currency. Inferior civilisations push out superior. The Dean held that that was happening in North America: the descendants of the English colonists were making way for the cheaper races. Dare we say the same of Glasgow and Liverpool to-day? Those who have little to lose have large families. Beveridge is encouraging them to do so at the expense of the taxpayer. (Beveridge's baby—the Welfare State in being—continues that encouragement.)

The Virtue of Education.—Statistics proved that in the 1930's in Germany, Sweden and Holland the middle class had as large families as the wage-earners. The comfortable circumstances of the professional classes in England in the Victorian age were quite exceptional. The great German professors who did so much for philosophy, scholarship and science lived on a few hundreds a year. Our great legal fortunes had no counterpart in France. Disraeli was right when he said that the English in his generation had mistaken comfort for civilisation. The notion of beatified spirits living in a state of solid comfort was essentially Victorian (and perhaps Edwardian). The best education that money can buy should teach men to care very little about luxury and even comfort. The Dean considered himself very well off financially at the deanery, but deliberately and, he thinks, wisely, set an example of very simple living at that time.

Here I begin to comprehend the reason why the "Gloomy Dean" made the public school the hinge of his argument. The public school provides the best education that money can buy. Only the best education can enable a man, who has known comfort, to adorn and dignify *res angustae*. If the public schools die, the best education dies, and with it the power of the middle class to adorn poverty and even to survive.

And then he assumes the mantle of Jeremiah: "If I am right, there are hard times coming for us all. The Englishman is no longer a privileged person with a prescriptive right to more money for less work than the German or Italian. We cannot exist without foreign trade, and we cannot persuade foreign nations to accept our goods if they can get them cheaper and better elsewhere. Our wage-earners have not learnt this yet, but they will have to learn it. 'The event is the schoolmaster of fools.' Experience is a good teacher but her fees are high."



DEAN INGE: This picture of the late Dean of St. Paul's was taken when he opened the new Monkmoor Senior School at Shrewsbury on August 28, 1930. William Ralph Inge was born on June 6, 1860, and died in 1950. From 1911 to 1934 he was Dean of St. Paul's, where his remarks on public questions aroused much attention. Cutting across contemporary opinions, his views on society, present and future, won him the reputation of a pessimist and he was nicknamed the "Gloomy Dean."

These quoted sentiments have no dust on them, though written a generation ago. They appear fresh as new-minted coins from Mr. Macmillan's Treasury. And alas! their very freshness suggests how little progress to wisdom we have made in twenty years.

Difficult to Define.—Modern sociologists are very much interested in the middle classes to-day and find it difficult to draw double lines above and below them. When Dean Inge was writing his article, they were clearly defined as the "upper middle" and the "lower middle." The former consisted of parsons, doctors, higher Civil Servants, industrialists, barristers, solicitors, public schoolmasters and Service officers and their families—with, of course, one or two exceptions drawn from the upper class.

These professional men usually came from public schools and universities. They had small families and comfortable, largish homes, ministered to by servants. Within their means, they travelled, were interested in art and literature, were determined that their sons should receive those advantages of education they themselves had had and, with a high sense of responsibility, were qualified to find, and did find, the leaders and administrators required for carrying on the activities of the nation. They intended that their sons should do the same. The lower middle class was comprised broadly of shopkeepers, small employers, elementary school teachers, black-coated workers and skilled men in trade and industry.

In those days (and earlier) I should say that the "upper class" was a term to describe a social grading rather than a grading of income or calling. The public schools catered for the upper and the upper middle classes. Subject to conventional or traditional "privilege" as regards certain appointments, the chief posts in the State were open to both and filled from both classes. It is estimated that in those days the upper middle class comprised about 100,000 families (Dr. Abrams in the *Sunday Times*).

To-day that class is larger and much less definable. Into the old still existing (though depressed) upper middle class have been merged the many and increasing grades of specialists and technicians in accountancy, engineering, electricity, chemistry, design, sales, advertising, and so on. These newcomers (from any class) swell the upper middle class to three times the old estimated figure and the incomes they can command greatly exceed not only those of the older class they have merged in but often challenge the incomes of most of those who are still sometimes rated as the upper class.

The "plight of the middle class," therefore, is to-day a loosely defined problem. Two-thirds of the new middle class are "pretty well paid for their trouble." It is the old upper middle class, still performing its useful functions, that is being ground to powder between the mill-stones. We accept the great importance of their contribution to the State as we accept their sacrifices, but in this age of the machine and of complex finance, we cannot easily distinguish between the value of the services of the old and of the new upper middle class. We can but argue that both old and new are doing invaluable work, that the value of one sort cannot be up-graded over another and that, therefore, it is social injustice that one type of essential service should receive higher or lower rewards than another. Socially, the integration of the new and old elements of the class presents no very urgent or pressing problem. It will settle and resolve itself in some way in a generation or two. The new towns, the public schools, the universities are already doing the job.

Essential to the Welfare State.—The economic problem is another matter. The two classes, old and new, do not cut their slices directly from the same cake. Some of the old are self-employed; the churches and the public schools have nothing like unlimited resources. The State is compelled to dole out to its employees in Civil Services and fighting Services what Parliament is ready to concede. The cake from which the new class cuts may be large or small, or sometimes larger and sometimes smaller. While it is large, its bakers can afford, and find they must afford to cut generous slices in order to draw in the various different experts they need. That implies that the old class may have better security of tenure, but while trade is good, very inferior rewards for their services.

Dean Inge and the modern sociologists are at one in their belief that the old educated middle class must not be allowed to fade out from privation. The Dean wrote years ago before a Welfare State was more than a blueprint. The modern sociologist unequivocally declares that without the educated middle class the Welfare State would be impossible: "It supplies the doctors, dentists, school teachers, Civil Servants, welfare workers, and so on. Yet they are its least beneficiaries, and compared with those who benefit most they are underpaid and overtaxed."

If alive to-day, Dean Inge would subscribe to that, and would endorse, too, the view that it is up to a Conservative Government to do what it may be possible to do, to save that class from liquidation, on the ground that Socialism's "futile pursuit of a classless society" can only end in "hammering it down into a proletariat."

If the Conservatives intend to "have a stab at it," they won't find it easy, and I fear their time is short. The "backbone of England" is strained to breaking point and its value to the body politic is just beginning to be discovered or remembered.

A social historian (more serious than a socialite chronicler) might make a tailpiece to this discourse effectively enough. How odd to recall that forty years and less ago there existed in England a light-headed, light-hearted section of an upper class prone to make fun of the middle class and to use the term in a derogatory sense in matters of taste and ways of life and thought. "Too middle-class for words!"

Forty years on the event has proved itself "the schoolmaster of fools," and the schoolmaster's fees (at any rate *that* schoolmaster's) are high.

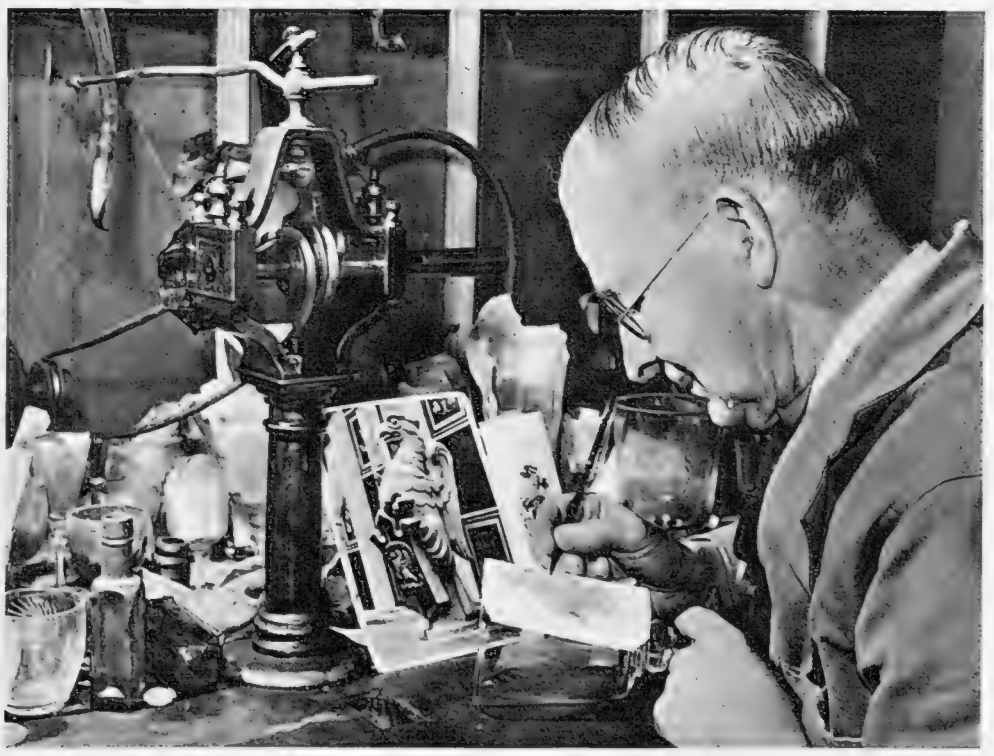
STATUES OF THE QUEEN'S BEASTS FOR KEW GARDENS: Mr. James Woodford, R.A., in the foreground, who has been commissioned to produce replicas of the Queen's Beasts, works on some of the statues in his studio at Sutton. The replicas are expected to be erected at the end of August on the terrace of the Palm House in the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. It was made possible to order the work through the generosity of a private donor, who wishes to remain anonymous. The Beasts, which Mr. Woodford designed for the façade of the Coronation annexe of the Abbey, are taken from heraldic devices used by the Queen's ancestors.

THE QUEEN'S BEASTS

Replicas of the Heraldic Beasts in Stone and Glass

THE BEASTS IN GLASS: Four of the goblets await packing. The designs from left to right are, The White Lion of Mortimer; The White Horse of Hanover; The Red Dragon of Wales; and The Unicorn of Scotland.

ENGRAVING IN GLASS: Mr. Kimberley works on one of the goblets at the Dennis glassworks. A licence for the reproduction of the designs has been granted to Georama Limited. The work is done on a copper wheel.



TRACING THE DESIGN: A glass craftsman marks the design of the Falcon of the Plantagenets on to a goblet before it is engraved by Mr. Cyril Kimberley. Every set, comprising ten differently engraved goblets, will cost about £300. Each of the goblets will be signed personally by the engraver.

CONTEMPORARY ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS—5

FRANK MARTIN— A LEADING PRINT-MAKER

By NEVILE WALLIS

THE HANDS OF A MASTER IN HIS ART: *Left*—Mr. Frank Martin works at the bench in his Chelsea studio in cutting with the knife the lines of a woodcut. *Right*—Mallet and chisel are brought in to define the details. This artist has an international reputation at the age of thirty-five.

PRINTING AN ENGRAVING: The artist uses his foot to give extra leverage to the final process on the Albion press in his studio. On the wall behind are two of his recent drawings and below, on the left, a black-and-white woodcut.

THIS series will achieve its purpose if those who had never previously given it a thought came to realise that British prints of the finest quality may be had for little outlay and lasting pleasure. Where, it may be asked, are the likeliest hunting-grounds? Well, the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, annually showing its prints at the R.W.S. Galleries in Conduit Street, is a stronghold of skilled craftsmanship, not excluding experiment based on experience.

Its secretary is Mr. Frank V. Martin, a recent Associate of the Society. Then again, there is the more recently formed Society of Wood Engravers, regularly exhibiting at the Crafts Centre in Hay Hill and providing a meeting place for publishers and collectors of the finest prints, from wood or lino blocks, produced in this country to-day.

As it happens, Mr. Frank Martin is the vigorous secretary of this Society also, with which he has been associated for the past five years. It follows, then, that he is a conspicuous figure in the realm of engraving. He is only thirty-five, gaining his present international reputation in the graphic arts entirely on the strength of work produced since the end of the war. More surprising, when one recalls the strenuous early apprenticeship of many older artist-craftsmen, Martin spent his formative years at Uppingham before going up, as open History Scholar, to Hertford College, Oxford.

He might very well have specialised in history, and tutored as a career. Indeed, if you observe him in his top-floor studio in Chelsea, there is something about his brisk manner and address that rather suggests a youngish, energetic schoolmaster, keenly receptive to fresh ideas. In him, common sense and sensibility seem combined as in few other artists; one might imagine some student in Mr. Martin's etching and engraving class at the Camberwell School of Art turning to him as readily with the problem of an overwrought wife as with an over-inked plate.

His early interest in painting outdoors, hardly amounting to a passion, was revealed in school days. Under its famous headmaster, J. F. Wolfenden, Uppingham in the '30's had a formidable reputation, though its routine was flexible enough to allow Martin to miss cricket in order to paint. Probably the first boy there to be excused this ritual, he made the most of the privilege, setting off with his painting tackle to explore Peterborough Cathedral and the neighbouring churches of Leicester and Northampton. His independence was also asserted in his very infrequent appearances at the art classes under Mr. Albert Rissik, though that master gave him every encouragement outside.

At Oxford, Martin's academic studies took first place, and he gave little evidence of his concern with art. There were, anyhow, the preoccupations of wartime, and his marriage, in 1942, to Mary Goodwin whom he met at Oxford, where she was to obtain a First in Modern Languages. To-day she is secretary of the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, and the mother of three charming girls. Their second daughter, nine-year-old Mary Clare, is already interested in the ballet—a favourite theme, as we shall notice, of her father's prints. Meanwhile, after taking his degree, and serving in the Royal Artillery, Frank Martin entered St. Martin's School of Art as a student as soon as war was over. The hazardous choice was not made without heart-searching, but he received much encouragement from his father, a former Secretary of the Royal Institution.

The development of Mr. Martin's art in a brief decade to full maturity has been due, I think, in the first place, to his intellectual curiosity. Finding at first his academic and historical education a hindrance, since he tended to *know* about things rather than scrutinise them freshly, he eventually found his scholarship most useful in illustrative work. It demands, after all, a cultivated mind no less than a trained hand to execute appropriate designs, say, for Wilde's *Salome*, which Mr. Martin is at present engraving for a forthcoming edition of the Folio Society.

For his practised hand he has, perhaps, been chiefly indebted to Miss Gertrude Hermes who taught him wood engraving at St. Martin's. That sensitive sculptor and engraver introduced him to Japanese colour prints, spurring him to produce large colour prints from wood and lino blocks. At the same time, an old friend of his father's, Mr. Clifford Webb, guided him at St. Martin's in the problems of book illustration, and also stimulated his interest in colour prints. Together these instructors introduced Martin to the Society of Wood Engravers, where he has exhibited regularly since the war.

Of the experienced print-makers Frank Martin has come to know through this Society, such as Leon Underwood, John Farleigh, and Robert Gibbings, he has had most in common with his friend, the late John Buckland-Wright. Both have shown a marked preference for figure subjects, usually of the female model, distinguished by a rare purity of line and sentiment. It was Buckland-Wright who persuaded Martin to take up the copper-plate processes of etching and drypoint.

The artist has found that continual drawing from life keeps his mind informed, enabling him to create the images of his prints "out of his head," without referring to drawings of specific models. No doubt this accounts for the pensive and withdrawn look you notice in many of his brain-children, placed so studiously in relation to their surroundings, and satisfying one by the perfect balance of a design that seems inevitable.

Yet Frank Martin's prints may delight us not only for artistic reasons. Naturally, one's eye will note the felicity with which he distributes the flat colour masses in a linocut, his use of the soft wood grain in a cut like his kneeling worshippers, or the complete interdependence of two colours in wood engravings. But the artist also sets our fancy free.

Our curiosity is stirred by his uncommon characters in their commonplace surroundings. We watch the bath-water being tested; or wonder, perhaps, if the young ballerina rehearsing on tiptoe was inspired by Mary Clare. In a word, the artist's eager interest in life is infectious, and it animates all his work—engraved illustrations, covers, greeting cards.

It is rarer than you might suppose for an enquiring print-maker to-day to be as interested in a convincing subject as in his technical experimenting. The grave and studied beauty of Frank Martin's images has been recognised in the acquisition of his work by the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Manchester City Art Gallery, and many other art galleries here and abroad. But he remains the modest, practical man he is. "I covet a copper-plate press of my own," he told me. "But wood-engraved illustration, and large colour prints suitable for framing on walls, are more profitable; and I must educate my children."

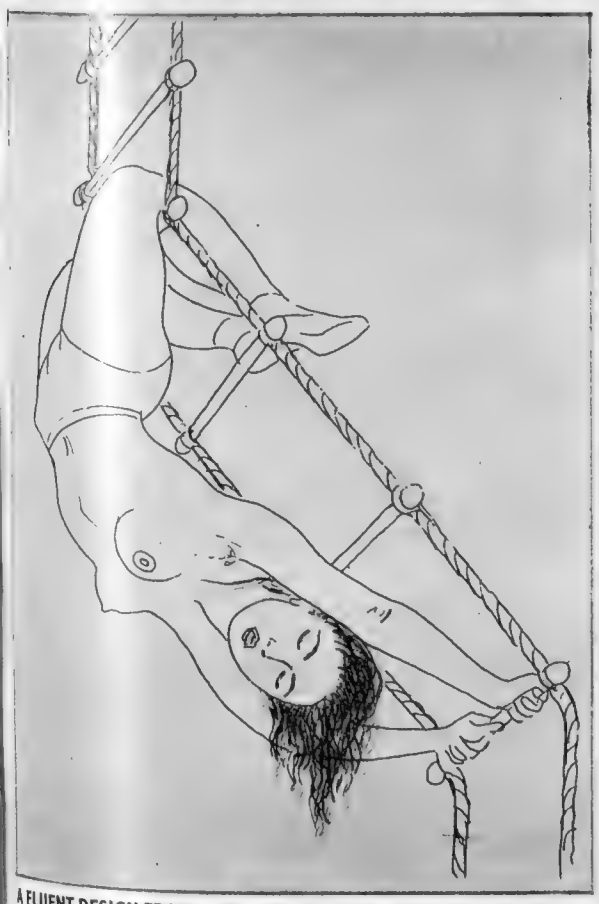
MR. FRANK MARTIN AND HIS FAMILY: From left are Virginia (aged six); Mrs. Martin, whom he met while they were at Oxford and who is now Secretary of the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*; Mary Clare (who is nine); and Tess (eleven). The apparent bust is a trompe l'œil oil painting by Mr. Martin.

THE UNCOMMON IN THE COMMONPLACE: The linocut "Capriccio" illustrates Mr. Frank Martin's rare talent for seeing uncommon characters in commonplace surroundings. This eager interest in life as it really is animates all his work and is combined with a grave and studied beauty.

"THE BEACH": This is a recent woodcut made by Mr. Martin.

FROM "THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY": One of the wood-engravings in the edition of Mr. Thornton Wilder's classic published by the Folio Society this year.

"AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSEMAID": An illustration for *Susannah Whatman's House-keeping Book*, which is being published by Geoffrey Bles this autumn.



A FLUENT DESIGN FROM LIFE: "The Performer on a Rope Ladder" is one of the artist's many successful pure line etchings.

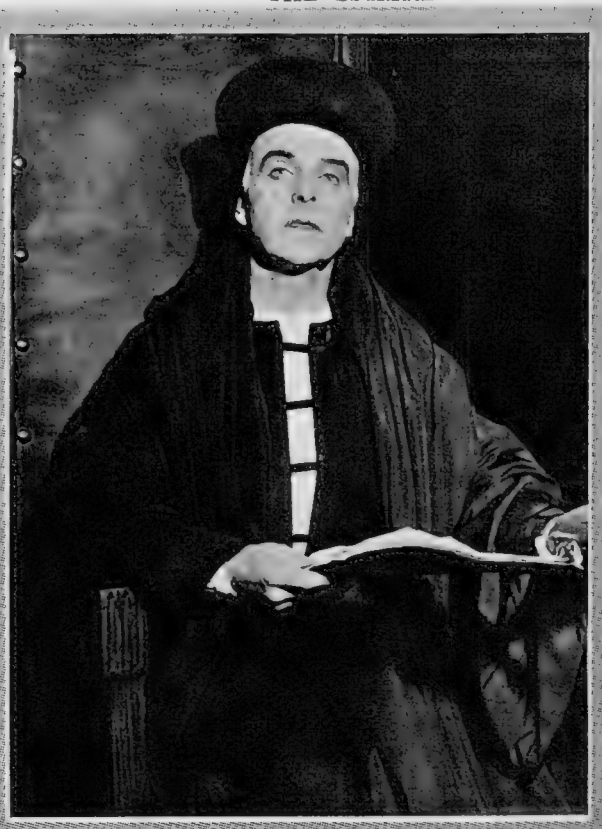
A FAVOURITE THEME: "Dancer" is a linocut of one of Mr. Martin's favourite themes, which possibly derives from his second daughter's keen interest in the ballet. Much of his work is drawn without reference to sketches of specific models.

CLASSIC AND MODERN

Stratford's "Measure for Measure"; A Season of Bert Brecht in London

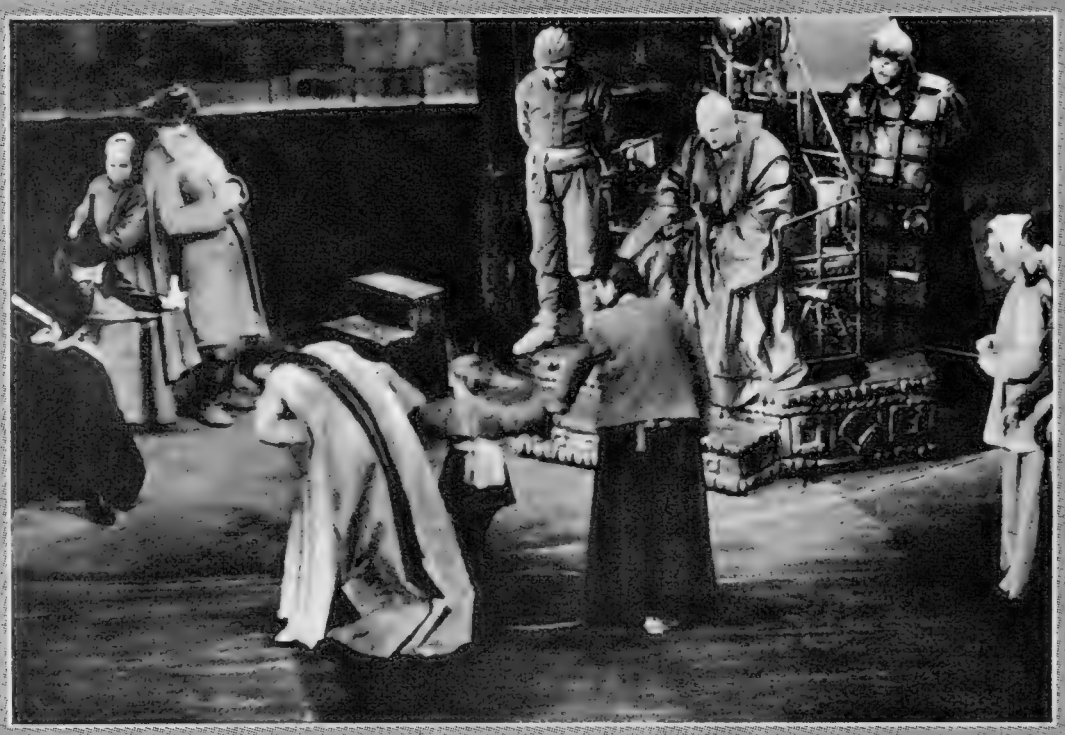
The days are long since past when *Measure for Measure* was too much for Dr. Bowdler. In the last twenty years or so there have been several excellent and interesting productions of the play for which Shakespeare took his title, with intent, from The Sermon on the Mount. At least one critic has termed the current performance at the Stratford Memorial Theatre as a " Freudian " one. Possibly this may be the best way in which to see the sexual compulsion which drives the prig Angelo to his downfall.

Anthony Quayle, the producer, offers us Emlyn Williams as an Angelo who looks at the start of the play like a Cardinal from a Renaissance painting. Tanya Moiseiwitch's decor supports this intention. Margaret Johnston's Isabella and Anthony Nicholls' Duke are a fine high-minded contrast to the coarse background of bawds, fools and executioner. But by general consent the outstanding performance is by Alan Badel in the part of Lucio, the Fantastic.



IN THE LAST PRODUCTION OF THE STRATFORD SEASON: Emlyn Williams as Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, which opened last week and is the final play of this year.

BAWD AND LORD: Diana Churchill, in the part of Mistress Overdone, and George Howe, as the ancient Escalus, are together in a scene in *Measure for Measure* at Stratford.



IN THE BERT BRECHT SEASON AT THE PALACE THEATRE, LONDON: Helene Weigel, wife of the late Bert Brecht, stands in the centre right, in the role of the Governor's wife, and holds the hand of the child in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. This is one of the Brecht plays being presented by the Berliner Ensemble in the three-week season which opens at the Palace Theatre on Monday next.

THE DUCAL FRIAR: Anthony Nicholls, the Duke in a friar's habit, and Emrys James (Claudio) in the play at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

A BRECHT VERSION OF AN ENGLISH CLASSIC: Dieter Knaup, as Captain Plume, and Norbert Christian (Sergeant Kite) in *Trumpets and Drums*, based on Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*.

On left—

" MOTHER COURAGE ": From left are Ekkehardt Schall, in the part of Eilif; Angelica Hurwicz (Kattrin); Helene Weigel (Mother Courage) and Heinz Schubert (Swizer-cheese) in a scene in Bert Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children* at the Palace Theatre. The players are members of the Berliner Ensemble am Schiffbauerdam, which was directed by Bert Brecht in East Berlin. The sudden death of the dramatist and producer last week gives additional point to the season opening in London next Tuesday. Brecht, who was fifty-eight, attained an international reputation from Berlin in the 1920's. This was the time when he wrote *The Threepenny Opera* to music by Kurt Weill. It was based on the theme of Gay's *Beggar's Opera* and achieved widespread popularity. A number of Brecht's other works can be traced to English, Russian and even Chinese originals. Exiled by the Nazis, the dramatist returned to Berlin after the war and established himself in the East Sector, where he was loyal to the Communist regime.

THE GROUSE SEASON OPENS: The guns make their way uphill during Colonel Frank Douglas's shoot at Lochan, Amulree, in Perthshire. The shoot marked the opening of the Grouse Season, which this year fell on the thirteenth of the month instead of the customary twelfth. The heavy rain in the North of England, and in North and North-East Scotland, upset many shoots arranged for the first day of the season. In many places low cloud and mist blotted out the high ground, making conditions well-nigh impossible. Even at those shoots that did take place the bags were not, on the whole, very large.

THE "GLORIOUS TWELFTH"

The Opening of the Grouse Season this Year fell on the Thirteenth of the Month

A SHOOT IN PERTHSHIRE: *On left*—Mr. John Paul, of Hertfordshire, takes his first bird of the season from Jane during Colonel Frank Douglas's shoot in Perthshire. *On right*—His wife rests for a moment while following the guns over the drenched moors.

AN INDIFFERENT BAG FOR OPENING DAY: Major G. Knox Finlay receives a bird he has just brought down. The grouse season last year was one of the poorest for a long time and many owners rested their moors in the hope of better prospects this year.

THE CHANCELLOR GOES SHOOTING: Mr. Harold Macmillan rides to the first butts on Broad Park Top Moors, at Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire, on the first day of the Grouse Season. With him in the party were the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Lord Antrim.

COMBATING ROAD HAZARDS

How Old is the Safest Driver? the A.A.'s Aeroplane; Guarantees for Second-hand Cars; the Halda Speed Pilot; the Fangio-Collins Duel; a New Magazine; Accidents in London

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WHAT is middle age? Between thirty and fifty-five, according to Britain's Road Research Board. I know many young men of thirty who would be furious if you suggested they were middle-aged.

Anyway, the question crops up because the Board has come to the conclusion that Britain's safest drivers are those of middle age. It says so in its annual report for 1955, published by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Of young drivers it says: they suffer a high rate of accidents due to fatigue, falling asleep, excessive speed and headlight dazzle. But wait a minute. . . . The Board says the explanation of this may not be physiological. It is probably due to the fact that young people do relatively more driving at night.

Old drivers, says the Road Board, are more guilty than young people of failing to stop at pedestrian crossings; carelessly pulling out from the near side of the road or from one traffic lane to another; turning right or left without due care; and taking road junctions carelessly.

Personally, I 'm always suspicious of this kind of statistical analysis. I think the Board is on surer ground when it speaks with "grave disquiet" about the growth of road traffic in Britain. And there will be a chorus of bitter "hear hears" for the statement that the Government's road programme is "out of scale with the needs."

It is a sign of the times that the Automobile Association has bought an aeroplane. I was present when Secretary K. L. Kelly took delivery of it at Fairoaks aerodrome, near Weybridge, one very wet morning recently.

It is an Auster Alpine and it is, not unnaturally, painted yellow. Its registration letters—G-APAA—are too appropriate to be accidental.

The aircraft, which cost £5,000, will be used for a variety of purposes, including traffic control by air. When it was used for the first time during the August Bank Holiday week-end it was able to bring speedy help to an A.A. member who was stranded by the roadside.

Query: How did they know he was an A.A. member? Answer from Fanum House: They could see his car badge. The plane must have been flying very low or else there is a pair of binoculars among the aircraft's equipment.

The Auster, a development of the maid-of-all-work used for ambulance work and artillery spotting during the war, will be able to do duty as a flying relay station for the A.A.'s radio transmitters, of which it now has an impressive number.

This is the sort of thing that will happen: the Auster, on patrol over a busy main road, sees a big traffic snarl build-up because of a breakdown, an accident or some other cause.

It does a quick "recce," talks by radio to the nearest A.A. headquarters and advises the Association's traffic experts on alternative routes. These experts send instructions to radio-equipped Land-Rovers or motor-cycle patrols and in a matter of minutes road signs are in position diverting motorists along routes avoiding the congestion.

THE EYES OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION: The A.A.'s new Auster Alpine light aircraft patrols above roads between London and the South Coast. Especially useful on week-ends and holidays, the Auster tells road patrols of traffic blocks building up, and advises on clearer alternative routes. The road patrols can then deal with congestion more quickly.

The Ford Motor Co. (British) has brought in a scheme by which their main dealers can give an "A 1" warranty when selling used cars. The scheme is not restricted to Ford models. The dealer can select a car of any make, stick a blue "A 1" label on the screen and sell it with a three-month guarantee (which I think sounds less American than the "ninety-day warranty" referred to in the company's announcement).

Vauxhall and the British Motor Corporation have been doing something of the kind for quite a while. It is a recognition, by some of Britain's leading car builders, of the important position occupied by used car sales in the fabric of the motor trade.

Under the B.M.C. scheme the Corporation itself accepts responsibility for the warranty. If, however, an "A 1" car sold under the Dagenham guarantee turns out to be "C 3," the Ford dealer has to make good any faults covered by the scheme.

I have lately been running around in a car fitted with a Halda Speed Pilot. Use of this instrument is good fun. It adds to the zest of motoring.

The Halda tells you at a glance how many minutes you are ahead of, or behind, a pre-determined speed schedule. On the neat instrument panel there are two dials. One is calibrated in miles per hour. You set your chosen average speed by turning a red pointer round to the appropriate figure.

The other instrument is an ordinary clock, with an extra hand (coloured red) which you turn to synchronise with the minute hand. From that moment the red hand will move round with the minute hand as long as you maintain your chosen average speed.

The value of this device to rally drivers who have to maintain a fixed speed schedule, often in difficult motoring country, will be obvious. The Halda has, indeed, already proved its worth in many rallies, including the "Monte."

It can also be helpful when motoring for business or pleasure. Suppose you have an important business appointment. By using the Halda you avoid the risk of falling behind schedule without realising it.

The Speed Pilot keeps you continuously informed of how you are doing. If you are running late, you will resist the temptation to stop for coffee. If traffic congestion puts you really in the red as far as time is concerned, then you take warning and instead of pressing on, hoping for the best, you will stop and telephone the news that you will be a little late.

One thing I noticed about the Speed Pilot is that it shows unmistakably and incontrovertibly just how slow a business it is to get across London. The Halda is Swedish and costs, in Britain, £19 19s.

Although his luck was out in the German Grand Prix Britain's Peter Collins can still win the world racing drivers' championship.

With only one more qualifying event—the Italian Grand Prix at Monza on September 2—Collins (22 points) is eight behind his Ferrari team mate, Juan Fangio.

Drivers can take points only for their five best performances, so Fangio, to add to his score, must do no worse than finish third and do the fastest lap. This would give him a total of five points (including one for the fastest lap) but he could add only one of them to his aggregate because he has already scored four or more points in five events.

Collins has scored in only four events so far. He will, therefore, be able to add to his total all the points he gains at Monza. So he could win the championship if he finishes first on September 2 and does the fastest lap—provided Fangio does no better than finish third.

If they finish with an equal number of points (which would happen if Collins won at Monza (eight points) but failed to get the fastest lap, and Fangio didn't get into the first three places), the Argentine driver would become champion for the third successive year. He would be entitled to add the points of his sixth best performance to decide the issue.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu drove an immaculate 1903 De Dion Bouton through central London on a recent sunny day with an interesting cargo: the first copies of the first number of his new monthly motoring paper: *The Veteran and Vintage Magazine*.

He was using this appropriate form of transport to take early supplies of the magazine to the leading wholesale newsagents. Lord Montagu is chairman and managing director of the new publication.

He has already established a close interest in the veteran and vintage car movement through his car and motor-cycle museum at Beaulieu Abbey, in Hampshire. In starting the new magazine he is following the example of his father, who founded *The Car Illustrated* in 1902.

In June, there was a drop of nearly 3,000 in the number of new cars registered in Britain for the first time. The total was 39,568. It increased the number registered in the first six months of the year to 242,485, a figure which also shows a falling off compared with 1955.

The credit squeeze is chiefly to blame, of course.

Just a few more figures to finish with. Accidents, this time.

Total road casualties last year in the Metropolitan Police District, which measures some 735 square miles and has a population of close on 9,000,000, were 54,542. This was more than in any year since 1938 and an increase of 8,315 or 18 per cent. on 1954. Deaths totalled 674, an increase of 63 or over 10 per cent. The number of pedestrians fatally injured was 365. The Commissioner of Police says walkers run the biggest risk of being killed in any road accident in which they are involved. This risk, he says, is five times that run by car and other drivers and more than twice that of motor-cyclists. *Verb. sap.*!

A WIN FOR FANGIO: The Argentine champion drives his Ferrari to victory in the German Grand Prix at the Nurburgring. Stirling Moss was second in a Maserati. Fangio now holds 30 points in the championship table, against 22 held by his nearest rival, Peter Collins, of Great Britain.

NEW ROAD SIGNS IN SUSSEX: These graphic warnings to the motorist have been erected on the London-Eastbourne road between Forest Row and Wych Cross, in Ashdown Forest. They are of a design more usually found on the Continent, and do not appear to have been authorised by the Ministry of Transport.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Choose Ceylon for Enchantment

Twenty centuries of enchantment beckon you to this incomparable Island Paradise of Ceylon, transcendent in its beauty, its inimitable wealth of radiant colour, unique traditions of courtesy, genius and culture.

Isle of colourful pageantries and magnificent traditional festivals

Welcome to " this wondrous Isle set in a foam-flecked indigo sea " which long ago shipped precious freights of amethysts, pearls, sapphires, ivory, peacocks, spices and other treasures to King Solomon and Sheba's Queen and which to this day is accepted and revered by millions as the original homeland of the Garden of Eden.

To look upon the still majestic relics of its astonishing 2,000-year-old cities, palaces, temples and mighty sculptures is of itself an enrichment of human experience.

To make acquaintance with its gorgeous festivals eclipsing in glamour all the pageantry of the East, to adventure through its incredible forests and jungles echoing with teeming wild life, to be thrilled with its lovely parks and gardens, exotic birds, palm-fringed avenues and beaches, to luxuriate in sun-kissed seas, to revel in the all-appealing variety of sports and recreations is to amass life-long memories of inexpressible enjoyment and delight.

All sports in season with many outstandingly attractive events

To share the creature comforts of Ceylon's excellent hotels, the homely attractions of its bureau-sponsored rest-houses scattered island-wide, will assuredly complete your holiday satisfaction. Accommodation at the rest-houses is available from £1 a day.

Only thirty hours from London

Breakfasting in London, you can be happily dining amid the romance of Ceylon the following day, transported by the magic carpets of a choice of international airways.

Luxurious bathing in lovely palm-fringed, coral-studded seas

Ceylon

SUMMER THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND WITH CHOICE OF CLIMATE
RANGING FROM 80° IN COASTAL AREAS TO 60° AMONG THE HILLS

Illustrated Brochure Free

Apply to nearest Travel Agents or to Ceylon House, 13, Hyde Park Gardens, London, W.2

ISSUED BY THE CEYLON GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU COLOMBO 3

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF WAR

Four Impressive New Novels; Queen Isabella of Spain; Murders in America; Crimes in Railway Trains and in the New Forest

FOUR of this week's most impressive novels have, broadly speaking, a theme in common. This is the examination of the effects of war on civilians, whether they be men or women or children, and whether they have at one time or another been actively engaged in the prosecution of war, or not. In civil war or world war, the disruption can be as complete as the disillusionment is bitter.

THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is by the young French writer, M. Jean-Louis Curtis, and I think that all its readers will find it memorable. The period is the twenty years leading up to our own days. The protagonists are a number of young men who were schoolboys at the time of the Stavisky scandal, the Croix de Feu movement and the violent political unrest in the France of the '30's. By no means a group, although one or two of them have known each other in a small town school in the south-west, their lives are destined to touch in the future and to have mutual influences, so that from a wide initial radius their individual stories end by being closely knit. Incidentally, the technical brilliance with which M. Curtis accomplishes this is one of the most admirable things about his long and consistently fascinating novel.

For it is a long book and the characters do make long speeches or quote their own newspaper articles *in extenso*, since many of them are either journalists or novelists, or both. Nevertheless, I could detect no suggestion of padding and each conversation, sometimes an uninterrupted declamation of a couple of pages, is essential to the development of the character who is speaking, and to the reader's understanding of him. There is no inclination, in fact, to skip, because what one is reading is too absorbing. People don't skip Proust, for instance, or, if they do, they skip whole books of his, not solitary pages and chapters.

The representative young men whom M. Curtis has chosen to illustrate his main subject of post-war adjustment have grown up in the same epoch, but otherwise are as different and as liable to different reactions as can be. Bernard has fought with the Resistance; he is cultured, Jewish, ambitious, methodical even in his many love affairs and is obviously headed for the equivalent of a Cabinet post. Thibault, in contrast to Bernard's enthusiasm for the Left in politics, is an equally clever intellectual of the Right. Roland is a big tough who has been an athlete, a Fascist and a fanatical anti-Semite, and is bewildered to the point of losing his reason by the discovery that post-war issues are no longer as clearly cut and sign-posted as in times of war, and by the revelation that he is half-Jewish himself. Among them all is François, reasonable, Protestant, sensitive and sometimes wryly amusing in his efforts to establish a mean, at least for himself, to resolve his own domestic problems and to remain for all his friends the perfect listener, even where his own strong principles cannot make him a perfect sympathiser.

This book is more than a novel: it is a volume in the history of the world we are all living in, even if the special problems of the Occupation and the Liberation, or the question of who really was in the Resistance or the Free French forces and who just said he was, don't affect us closely. It is also a book of very sharp perception and of irrepressible humour. The translation of such a work must have been more than usually difficult, but, in the main, Mr. Humphrey Hare has tackled it with determination.

END IN SIGHT (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is the story of an Englishman who has survived the Spanish Civil War and his own passionate support of the Republican cause to find himself living out his days in Barcelona, still young, but disillusioned about everything except the properties of cheap brandy. He is a remittance man, a drifter and a drunk. As he explains to the English tourists he occasionally guides round the city: "Drunks drink. That's what they do." All the same, in this far from attractive creature there is a capacity if not for love, for compassion. There is also a certain courage which provokes him to drive a stolen car for his Spanish friends when they are planning a raid, and a certain lucidity which enables him to see them as they are, not political agitators in a sympathetic minority but murderous gangsters.

Mr. Clifford King writes of a country that he evidently knows well and in no Baedeker manner. Spain is more than the background of this effective and melancholy novel; it provides the atmosphere of disillusion and near despair in those years after the Civil War, and it is the love or, less nobly, the habit of Spain that motivates the central character of this perfectly credible story.

There can be nothing but praise for the theory of evacuating children from big cities in time of war. In practice, too, it was one of the small miracles of the last war that the scheme should, on the whole, have worked so well. In particular instances, of course, there were always problems. Mr. Robin Jenkins has written about some of these and about this half-forgotten aspect of 1939 in his novel, GUESTS OF WAR (Macdonald. 15s.). The city in question is a Scottish one, reminiscent of Glasgow, and the children come from its most sordid tenements. As the author demonstrates, however, though the homes may be without exception dark, cramped and insanitary, uniformity begins and ends there, and the most pestilential "closes" can house a few heroic housewives as well as the slatterns, the drunkards and the hopeless.

Transported to a pretty town in the hills of the Border country from a hideously overcrowded slum, a large band of children, mothers and teachers are bound to make their mark, if only in a literal sense. Mr. Jenkins shows such an invasion in all its difficulty, its pathos, its phases of ill-will or sympathy and its occasional humour. Some of the juveniles are pretty delinquent, some of the mothers are loud-voiced and bawdy, some of the organisers are pitifully inadequate, but through the whole venture there is a compensating spirit of kindness and a rough philosophy.

EVERY DEALER'S DREAM? Mr. Walter Bird (on right) receiving a cheque from Mr. George Gottfried, to whom he sold the entire contents of his antique shop in Church Street, Kensington. The American antique dealer, after a brief look round, offered Mr. Bird a lump sum for his whole stock, which filled basements, galleries and two back rooms.

DEAD YESTERDAYS (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) is Signora Natalia Ginzburg's novel about two middle-class families living on either side of a street in a town in Northern Italy, some of them Fascist, some ineffectually anti-Fascist and all, politics apart, behaving as conventionally or as unpredictably as the members of two families might in any part of the globe. The author establishes them in their characters in pre-war days, shows them disintegrating or consolidating under the stresses of war, and finally brings them back to the same street and to more or less the same kind of life as they had lived before. This is a deeply-felt story, told with immense understanding but unemotionally, and all the more convincing for the restraint of its style.

THE QUEEN'S CROSS (Collins. 15s.) is this week's excursion into the far past, in the form of a romantic biography of Isabella of Spain. She was the great Queen whom most of us recall as the supporter of Christopher Columbus. She was also the real ruler of her country, giving her husband Ferdinand credit for many of her own strong measures and freeing Granada from the Moors after seven centuries of their rule. By her extraordinary military genius she won a place in history as secure as that of the first Elizabeth. Mr. Lawrence Schoonover writes with gusto, not to say *con brio*, of his noble heroine and makes a very readable thing of this well-documented essay in historical fiction.

And so to crime, with four commendable books, one of which is a collection of short stories by a long-established master in this line. NIGHT DROP (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Stephen Ransome's new detective story, and it is *not*—whatever the title may suggest—about parachuting into enemy territory. It is about New York and murder on what you might call the home ground. It is also one of those increasingly rare books in which the fact of affluent circumstances does not detract from the story's chill and thrill. (Mary Roberts Rinehart has been indisputably the best exponent of this *genre*.) In Mr. Ransome's story it is not the detectives but the suspects who have it fairly easy, with penthouse apartments and the kind of unusual female housekeeper who mixes good martinis. The detectives are almost my favourite pair in the business: the senior partner (they are both young) who rests a good deal on the office couch, and the junior partner who thinks too fast for his colleague and is too nice to notice it. In almost the words of The Two Black Crows of happy memory, "Even if it was bad I would like it." But it's good, and I like it very much.

MURDER COMES TO EDEN (Crime Club. 10s. 6d.) has an American setting too, but in one way a more rural one, since the scene is a river estuary and its surrounding fields about forty miles from Washington, D.C. However, a colony of hot-dog stands and Bar-B-Q places and neon-lighted juke boxes springs up around the family homes that have been built near the water, and in their flashy signs lie the seeds of disaster. Leslie Ford is, if she will forgive the familiarity, a pet writer of mine. Although I miss Colonel Primrose and the Washington elegances in these pages, I must tell you that the rural substitute is very good and, advertisements notwithstanding, perfectly acceptable.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SLEEPING CAR EXPRESS (Hodder and Stoughton. 11s. 6d.) has an old-fashioned ring as a title which perfectly suits the first story in this collection of ten. Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts has written about a double murder in a fast train, a mystification with an ingenious explanation, but notable chiefly for the extreme good manners which seem to have obtained throughout the enquiry and even through the solution. It is sad to observe that it is this very gentility which dates the story, more than any nostalgic reference to My Lady Nicotine or the exquisite grammar of a murderer's confession.

Mr. Wills Crofts has had a professional knowledge of the working of railways, and this is not the only tale in which he puts his experience to dramatic use. Murder by rail and murder by level-crossing are others of his themes and, although there is a certain sameness in his stories of defaulting clerks, there is always fresh interest to be found in the precise plans and alibis that can be criminally concocted by a knowledgeable railwayman. I should add that, clever as these schemes appear to be, none of them ever succeeds, and that in Mr. Wills Crofts' stories, as in life, evil is no match for good common sense.

Mr. Andrew Garve is a writer who recognises that crime is all the more horrifying when it strikes into a peaceful domestic interior and he has used this extremely telling factor as the central idea of his new thriller, THE END OF THE TRACK (Crime Club. 10s. 6d.). In this quietly written story, with its insistence on the humdrum interior of children, homework, washing-up and bicycles, Mr. Garve has created a forcible contrast of blackmail and murder, the whole thing set against the very unusual background of a Forestry Commission's plantations in the New Forest.

Either from his own experience or from research of a practical kind, the author is able to give us a vividly real picture of the stands of new trees, the fire breaks between them, the organisation of the patrols and the water lorries, and the overriding anxiety about damage through casual picnickers, through weather and, most immediate of all threats, through fire. All this is excellently conveyed and, with a small cast of characters, Mr. Garve gives the reader a very sizeable impression of danger and tension.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Two complementary books concern a great American humorist. ROBERT BENCHLEY, by Nathaniel Benchley (Cassell. 18s.), is a biography, by his son, of the man whose worried features and highly diverting approach to life kept people laughing far outside his own country. THE BENCHLEY ROUND-UP (Cassell. 18s.) is a selection made by Nathaniel Benchley of eighty-eight Robert Benchley pieces.

Another American writer with an international reputation, but in a very different genre, is the subject of Mr. Morrison Brown's LOUIS BROMFIELD AND HIS BOOKS (Cassell. 15s.). But not only are Bromfield's many best-selling novels examined, there is also much information about his practical work as a farmer.

TO-MORROW'S LANDSCAPE, by Sylvia Crowe, F.I.L.A. (The Architectural Press. 21s.), is a constructive attempt to show how the blight of Subtopia can be arrested and the best use made of our landscape. Numerous photographs illustrate the points made.

The Great Barrier Reef off the coast of Queensland is the mightiest coral formation in the world. In THE COAST OF CORAL (Muller. 21s.), Arthur C. Clarke tells of his explorations on the reef and includes many of the fine under-water photographs in colour taken by him and his partner, Mike Wilson.

James Reynolds has written and illustrated PAGEANT OF ITALY (Robert Hale. 25s.). He covers innumerable facets of Italian history, culture and tradition in a volume which the traveller will find a superb guide and companion.

If you like digestive biscuits, you'll love Granola! So crisp and good and good-for-you. Just put a plateful out at meals and watch the family clear it!

Made by the makers of the famous Gipsy Creams and Chocolate Vienna.

'Granola'
DIGESTIVE
Established 1817 **Biscuits**
MADE BY MACFARLANE LANG

Suchard

"For those with a taste for the best"

SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD., LONDON, S.E.16

India ***WELCOMES YOU***

Moonlit temples on the banks of holy rivers . . . ceremonial processions ablaze with colour . . . peasant crafts and Mogul splendours . . . India, gorgeous with the magnificence of the past, offers all of these—together with air-conditioned hotels, on-time railways, and efficient airlines.

India—modern India—fabulous and friendly, welcomes YOU.

Illustrated brochures and suggested itineraries from your Travel Agent or

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
28 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1. TRA 1718

I really must fly

metropolitan

THE NEWEST AIRLINER IN EUROPEAN SERVICE

Swissair are now flying regular METROPOLITAN **Tourist** services

LONDON—GENEVA
LONDON—BASLE
MANCHESTER—ZURICH

The METROPOLITAN—the **newest, quietest, most comfortable** airliner in European service—introduces a completely new standard of **Tourist** flying with:

* **Only two seats a side** for greater comfort
* **Quiet flying**—new soundproofing system
* **Nose Radar** which enables the pilot to miss bad weather
* **Refrigerator** in the galley and wonderful Swissair service
* **Telescopic passenger steps**—no waiting when you land

Yes, this is the way to travel! You really must fly METROPOLITAN!

Ask your Travel Agent for details

SWISSAIR

EUROPE MIDDLE EAST USA SOUTH AMERICA

Offices in: LONDON, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, BIRMINGHAM, DUBLIN

CRC 5M

NORMAN WISDOM—UNDER CONTRACT TO THE RANK ORGANISATION.

Being serious about being funny

BRITISH SENSE OF HUMOUR is part of the natural wealth of our country. It helps us to live our lives. It enables us to laugh when other nationalities lament. It is indeed fortunate that we have a talent for portraying this indigenous sense of comedy in films. There is, however, nothing funny about making films which are funny — it is a serious business.

It is curious, but it is a fact, that our overseas friends — who cannot always understand us — have an insatiable taste for British comedy films. The reputation established by 'Genevieve' and the two 'Doctor' films has been reinforced by Norman Wisdom pictures, all of which have been comedy successes at the box offices of the world — successes which bring a stream of much needed foreign currency flowing back to Britain. Currently, we are making at Pinewood 'Doctor at Large' and a new Wisdom film 'Up in the World'.

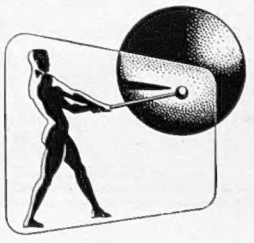
But success, as every successful man knows, brings with it additional responsibilities. In the case of the Rank Organisation, responsibilities not only to itself but also to the whole British film industry. For this reason, arrangements have been made which ensure that control of the Rank Organisation can never pass into foreign hands.

Having a "future" is reassuring — if one is enjoying a "present". Which is why the Rank Organisation is to-day doing everything possible to help the independent producer and the film industry in Britain.

The Rank Organisation have spent many millions of pounds since the war in modernising existing cinemas and acquiring new ones, both abroad and at home—all for the purpose of providing secure outlets for British films. Rank is the only film company outside America to have established a global sales organisation. The facilities of this overseas sales organisation are available to any British film producer on exactly the same terms as those enjoyed by films from our own studios.

The Rank Organisation believe it imperative — if only out of commercial good sense — that every possible practical help should be given to the British film industry. And that is what it is doing.

THE RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED



Sail with the Sun to South America

Next winter sail to summer sunshine in South America in ships built to such standards of spacious luxury that, throughout the voyage, you are surrounded with a sense of rest, relaxation and recuperation.

ROUND VOYAGES TO ARGENTINA
by

ANDES* AND ALCANTARA, using the ship as hotel during the 3-8 days' stay in Buenos Aires.

**Fitted with stabilisers for greater comfort at sea.*

SEA VOYAGES to BRAZIL AND URUGUAY

With a few days ashore while waiting for return ship.

ROYAL MAIL LINES

Details from Travel Agents or

ROYAL MAIL HOUSE, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3. *Tel. : MAN 0522*
AMERICA HOUSE, COCKSPUR ST., LONDON, S.W.1. *Tel. : WHI 9646*

THE ALL-BRITISH
Conway Stewart

the Pen with the Marvellous Nib!

Gives character to your writing

PRICES 14/- to 46/6

CONWAY STEWART & CO LTD LONDON

Visiting **LONDON ?**

600 APARTMENTS each with private bathroom, kitchen, telephone. Garage. Swimming Pool, Snack Bar, Club Bar, Lounge, Valet and Maid Service—

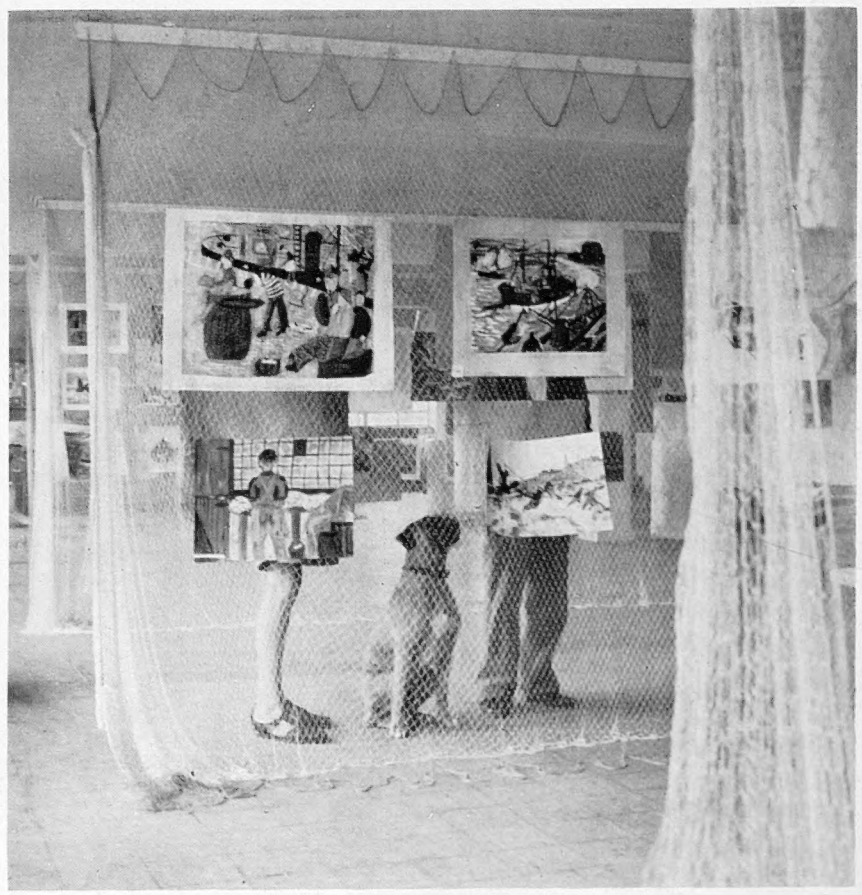
ONE room, TWO rooms or SUITES.

Write for fully illustrated brochure or telephone AMBassador 7733.

Park West
MARBLE ARCH · LONDON

LOWESTOFT FISHERMEN'S WEEK

The Fishing Industry Holds "Open House"; Exhibitions and Visits to Trawlers Show the Public how they get their Fish



THREE ABSORBED ART CRITICS: Visitors to the children's art exhibition, held during Lowestoft's Fishermen's Week, admire some of the entries. The paintings, exhibited in a local shop, were hung on draped fish-nets. Their theme was "The Fishermen of England." Some 2,000 visitors admired between 300 and 400 paintings. This year's Fishermen's Week was held in aid of an Old People's Club.

THE MINISTRY HELPS THE FISHERMAN: Diagrams, charts and models demonstrated the research methods used by the Ministry of Fisheries.

PREPARING FOR THE OPENING DAY: Two boys hang up fish "mobiles" in the room housing the art exhibition. A mural painting is above them.

For the last two years, Lowestoft has held a Fishermen's Week, giving the public a chance to see from the inside how the fishing industry works. In 1955 the proceeds helped the relief of families of the crews of two fishing vessels lost with all hands, while this year they went towards the building of an Old People's Club.

Last year the Week was held under cloudless skies, but in 1956 the organisers' luck ran out. Gales forced the cancellation of the yacht regatta and the races for Dragon-class boats. H.M.S. *Mariner*, a Fisheries Protection vessel, which was to be opened to the public, was unable to enter the harbour. The Civic Service opening the Week was to have been held from the deck of a trawler in the dock, but had to be transferred indoors. A practical demonstration of rescuing men from a wreck by means of rocket life-saving apparatus had to be cancelled.

On the credit side, the public queued to view trawlers in the dock and in the course of construction in local shipyards. One of the permanent exhibitions showed models and photographs of fishing vessels down the ages, and electronic aids used by fishermen. Another featured fisheries research, with models, diagrams and specimens showing how the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food helps the fisherman.

A children's painting competition attracted between 300 and 400 entries, and 2,000 visitors. The theme was "The Fishermen of England," and all sides of the industry were illustrated. The entries were hung on draped fish-nets. Throughout the Week, bottles containing numbers were cast adrift. Those who launched them and their finders won prizes if the bottles contained lucky numbers when picked out of the sea. Every kind of entertainment backed up the predominantly marine theme of the Week, from garden parties, fêtes and dances to bowls, cycling and motoring competitions.

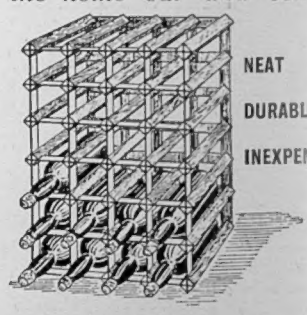
EST 1790
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SANDEMAN SCOTCH WHISKY

The King of Whiskies

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

BOTTLE BINS

Made in any size or shape to order, and everything for the home bar and cellar.



NEAT
DURABLE
INEXPENSIVE

Suitable for ½-bottles up to Champagne Quarts

FARROW & JACKSON LTD.
41-42, Prescot Street, London, E.1
Tel. : Royal 8401 (10 lines) Est. 1798

Take **Dr. BRIGHTON'S** *Autumn Tonic*

Dr. Brighton's famous blend of fresh, fog-free air and health-giving sun is the perfect prescription for your most refreshing holiday.

Added to this are gay pre-London shows, Southern Philharmonic concerts, golf on any of 5 courses, exciting shops, limitless entertainments. Altogether, Brighton, South of the South Downs, is the finest tonic to give you "holiday health" all the year round. Send 6d. P.O. for Guide and Hotel List from

Director of Publicity, G. M. Johnson
Royal York Buildings, Brighton

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"THE ADVANTAGE OF LATE HOLIDAYS," I overheard someone remark in the pleasant lounge of The Castle Hotel, Taunton, "is that accommodation is so much easier." True enough, I thought to myself, but do not be too sure, for of recent years hoteliers at normally seasonable hotels will tell you that they have pretty full houses well into October. A wet July often means a fine autumn, and should the Clerk of the Weather be kindly disposed, now is the time to settle where to go and where to stay.

Personally, I like going up to Scotland when the excitement of the Games is over and the grouse begin to fill the hotel larders. There are many ways of cooking grouse, I am told, and one of the best exponents of this delectable dish is Miss Jean Alexander at Glenmoriston Hotel, Invermoriston, that attractive hotel which stands at the junction of the Caledonian Canal road (Inverness to Fort William) and the road to Skye.

Doubtless that master of *haute cuisine*, Mr. William Hepinstall, of The Fortingall Hotel, Aberfeldy, has his ideas of cooking grouse, too, though I more often associate him with his individual cooking generally, and his staggering collection of *hors-d'œuvres* which are a feature of his Sunday lunches. If you have never been to Scotland in late September or October, try it this year. You will see her varied scenery in a new light and the exhilarating air will enable you to face better the common cold which is so often characteristic of November.

This year my wife and I hope to fit in our annual visit to Ireland before the fall, and our ears pricked up when a housemaster at Taunton School told us he was planning a fishing holiday in Co. Mayo in early September. "Not Pontoon Bridge Hotel, near Foxford?" we asked. It was, and we congratulated him on the choice of a most pleasant hotel set amidst wild and lovely scenery. The fishing there should be first-rate. The famous junction salmon pool is at the door and the brown trout of Lough Conn run up to 5 lb. and over. Fishing on the loughs is all free and boats and gillies are available at very reasonable terms. For those who do not fish there are innumerable drives through the heart of the Yeats and Joyce country, and Pontoon is just half-way between Sligo and Galway, a convenient stopping-place for those making a round tour of Ireland. Pontoon Bridge Hotel is now under the direction of Colonel and Mrs. P. L. Graham, whom previous visitors to Ireland may have met in the Bantry Bay area.

We hope, when revisiting Ireland, to concentrate more on Co. Mayo, Antrim and Donegal and, of course, no trip to Ireland would be complete without a visit to Dublin, to which all Irish roads lead.

Our schoolmaster acquaintance told us that last year he went to Sark and, like everyone else, loved it for its simplicity and scenery. "The Dixcart or La Sablonnerie?" we enquired. In this case it was the former, but he would have chosen well in either case. For an out-of-the-ordinary holiday, Sark now has a rival in the island of Herm. Though I doubt whether Sark will lose any of its devotees as a result of Herm's attraction, it may well lead to a greater focus on both islands.

Herm is exactly half an hour's trip in a motor-launch from the port of St. Peter, Guernsey. Its shores are bounded by rocky coves and bays, with long stretches of silvery sands. A complete little country in itself with wooded slopes, sheltered valleys and grassy headlands, here you will find wild flowers in profusion.

For those who wish for peace and quiet, sunshine and sea, what better place to spend a holiday than The White House Hotel, situated on the south-west side of the island facing Guernsey. Simply but comfortably furnished, with most of the bedrooms looking out to sea, the hotel has two large lounges from which the lovely views can be enjoyed even on rainy days. Lobsters fresh from the sea, and produce from the farm find their way to the hotel's restaurant, open to non-residents, where the menus are varied and the food plain but well cooked. The Long Barn Tavern provides a "local" for residents in the evening and a welcome refreshment centre where drinks, cold lunches and teas are served to daily visitors. Be sure to call in to the small shop next door, where members of the community have put their various talents to excellent use by providing attractive pottery dishes made from local clay, pretty shell necklaces and ornaments, hand-knitted fishermen's jerseys, and many other things for sale as souvenirs.

With thoughts of autumn tints, those who do not want to travel far need not look beyond the New Forest. Mr. N. J. Smith and his wife are the genial hosts of The Rose and Crown Inn at Brockenhurst; the former confirmed what I suggested at the commencement of these late holiday thoughts—that a wet, early summer invariably leads to a full house in October and early November. Those who live in the New Forest are all unanimous that the autumn colouring is indescribably beautiful. The forest glades resemble the wing scenery of a theatrical stage. Seen from the heights, Mr. Smith told us, the many hues are like a Japanese carpet.

To-day there is good and varied hotel accommodation in the Forest. For those who like the atmosphere of a typical English inn, The Rose and Crown at Brockenhurst would be ideal. But if you would prefer a licensed hotel I suggest The Compton Arms at Stoney Cross, The Crown at Lyndhurst and The Montagu Arms, Beaulieu. Then, again, you may prefer the type of hotel which, though licensed, has a more pronounced country-house touch—for example, Burley Manor Hotel, Burley; East Close Hotel, Hinton; Parkhill Hotel, Lyndhurst; and Passford House Hotel, near Lymington. These all make excellent vantage points for viewing the New Forest in her autumn attire, but make your reservations without delay.

It is poor comfort for those who had to holiday this year in July to know that it was the wettest since records were kept, but it is gratifying to feel that the chances of a St. Luke's or Indian summer are favourable portents for late holidays.

BOURNEMOUTH, BOURNE HALL HOTEL
(100 rooms) under the personal and progressive direction of Mrs. R. J. Bray, offers first-class accommodation from 9½ gns. Lift, Central Heating, Private Bathrooms, Lock-ups, Bridge, Billiards. Convenient for sea, shops, shows and station. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

CHESHIRE. CRAXTON WOOD COUNTRY CLUB
Ledsham (7 miles from Chester on Hoylake road) for visitors to Merseyside, Chester or *en route* to the Lakes, Scotland and North Wales, seeking luxurious comfort and country contentment. Tel.: Hooton 3111.

CIRENCESTER, KING'S HEAD
Here in this historic Cotswold hostelry where Roundheads and Royalists once clashed, the present-day traveller enjoys an up-to-date bedroom with private bath, and excellent food in a gay restaurant. Tel.: 677.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL
offers those visiting Ireland the utmost in bedroom comfort; 150 rooms with radio, central heating, iced water, and 24-hour service. Many private bathrooms and suites. The Gresham Grill, Cocktail Lounge and Ballroom are the social hub of Ireland's capital.
For Reservations write T. O'Sullivan. Tel.: 46881.

FOLKESTONE. PRINCES HOTEL
First-class, fully licensed and in the centre of things. Crossing the Channel (Dover or Folkestone)? Visiting Canterbury? Folkestone or Wye Race Meetings? Or just on Holiday bent? . . . Stay at Princes. Tel.: 2850.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
Always open, always inviting, this first-class hotel caters for holidays, conferences and G.B. motorists. Special attractions are: Own Golf Links, bedrooms with full sea or garden aspect private bathrooms, ballroom, billiards. Tel.: 67441.

JERSEY, C.I. ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL
in Britain's farthest south, a delightful spot for autumn holidays. An unparalleled position, facing sands and sea. We provide first-class food and service for the discriminating. Nightly dinner dances. Cocktail lounge.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard tennis. Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341-4.

LONDON, S.W.7. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL
where Ashley Courtenay often stays. Central. (2 mins. from South Kensington Underground and bus stop.) 41 bedrooms and some private bathrooms and showers. Fully licensed. Noted for good food. Tel.: KEN 3693. Under same direction as Royal Clarendon Hotel, Gravesend.

MALVERN, Worcs. MOUNT PLEASANT HOTEL
Superbly situated. Supremely comfortable, with first-class cuisine, choice wines. Beautiful gardens. Under personal supervision of Mrs. Tilla How. Tel.: Malvern 1837.

NEW FOREST, Hinton-St.-Michael. EAST CLOSE HOTEL
Enjoy the pursuits of the country, and pleasures of our table. Forest ponies at our gate. Sea and sands—3 miles. Golf, Tennis and Riding nearby. Now under experienced catering Director who believes in warmth, good food and comfort. Tel.: Bransgore 240.

RAVENSCAR, Scarborough. RAVEN HALL HOTEL
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Heated Swimming Pool, Golf Course, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV—all free to residents. Fully inclusive terms from 40s. per day. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. BELMONT HOTEL
Best in its own class! Occupies excellent position extending to sea-front. Refined and unostentatious. Telephones in all bedrooms. No music or dancing, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort—always abreast of the times. Tel.: 1555.

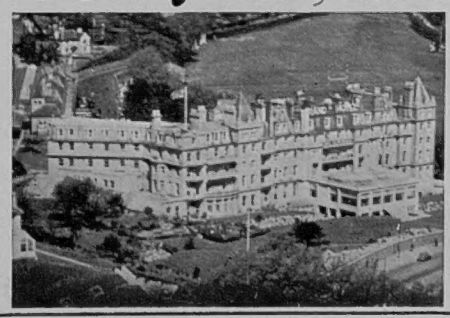
SIDMOUTH. VICTORIA HOTEL
Facing sea. Food you will enjoy. An attractively furnished room. Breakfast in bed. Telephone and Rediffusion radio by your bedside. Dancing, Golf, Bridge, Putting, Cocktail lounge, Billiards. Come and be spoilt! Tel.: 951.

THURLESTONE, S. DEVON. At this delectable suntrap village by the sea, **THE THURLESTONE** (100 rooms) and **LINKS HOTELS** (50 rooms) are *ideal for your late summer holiday*. Golf, tennis, squash, badminton, billiards. Write for details.

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS. THE SPA HOTEL
Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of parkland. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel.: 20331 (3 lines).

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
Stay in warmth and comfort in one of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Bowls, Dancing, Billiards—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds. 150 rooms; self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Tel.: Weybridge 4242.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL



For your Autumn Holidays

Facing full South, overlooking Torbay, with tennis, squash, golf and dancing all free to residents.

Write O. R. Paul.

Tel.: 25234.

LOOKING IN ON THE NAVY NO. 3

CROSSING THE LINE

SAILORS crossing the Equator for the first time must be "sacrificed" to Neptune in the ceremony of Crossing The Line.

Derived from the age-old pagan practice of propitiating the gods when entering the unknown, this ceremony differs in detail from ship to ship, but has certain common essentials.

At the appropriate time King Neptune and his Queen Amphitrite, together with their strange court of policemen, bears, judge, doctor and barber, "come aboard" and hold a trial of the neophyte sailors. Confronted with some dreadful "crime"—and no man, however senior, is ever innocent—the accused must plead guilty and accept punishment of the court. They are lathered and shaved, given a "pill" and tipped backwards into the bathing pool to be rinsed in a true naval ducking.

SENIOR SERVICE Satisfy

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1956. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.